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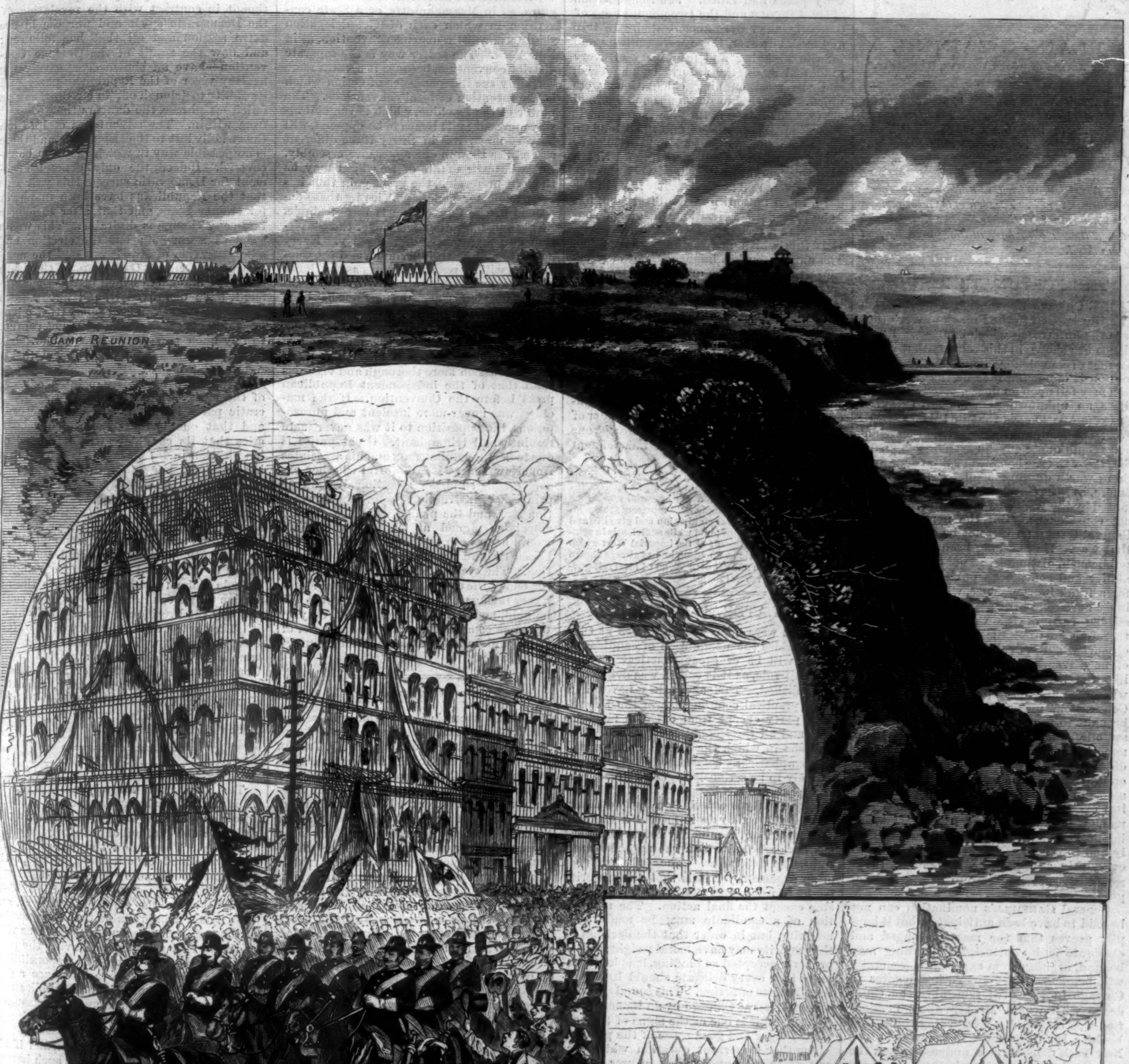



THE VETERAN SOLDIERS' REUNION, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.



## HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 34, issued June 22, contains a pretty poem by* MRS. BRINE, *entitled "Baby, Bee, and Butterfly"; an interesting sketch of* GENERAL WILLIAM EATON; *a Japanese story, illustrated, by* WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS; *Chapter Four of "The Moral Pirates," with an illustration; "New York Prison-Ships;" an interesting and instructive article on Tigers, illustrated; an entertaining sketch entitled "Bicycling," illustrated; "The Pig's Penny," an excellent story, by* W. O. STODDARD; *the beginning of a very pretty story by* MRS. W. J. HAYS, *entitled "Miss Van Winkle's Nap"; a page of illustrated "Jingles"; the Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

## PLAIN-SPEAKING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

HARPER'S BAZAR *for July 17 will contain the second of this admirable series of papers, which was begun in* BAZAR *No. 15, Vol. XIII., and will be continued at intervals during the year. These practical articles on the conduct of life are marked by the author's luminous good sense and acute perception, and will be universally read with pleasure and profit. The topic of the forth-coming is "Victims and Victimizers"—two classes which at some time or other have included a goodly part of mankind.*


## THE FORTUNATE RESULT.

THE Chicago Convention added a fresh illustration to the French proverb that it is the unforeseen which happens. Experience has shown in this country that in the conflict of conspicuous candidates for a nomination it is not improbable that the selection may fall upon an unsuspected and sometimes an unknown person. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS says that in 1844 JAMES K. POLK was nominated and elected because nobody could quote anything against him, for the reason that he had never said or done anything worth quoting at all. So, four years before, in 1840, General HARRISON was nominated by the Whigs as "available," because not conspicuous. But the nomination of General GARFIELD can not be explained in that way. He has long been a prominent public man, distinguished not only for great ability and continuous public service, but for a frank independence, which is exceedingly agreeable in a political leader. The sudden turn of the Convention to him, therefore, was not the desperate resort to obscurity and "availability" in the sense of negativeness. It can not be dismissed like the nomination of Mr. POLK. There was great and just apprehension that the Convention, under the influences always brought to bear upon immense popular assemblies, might end in a catastrophe. The majority was of divided preferences for candidates, but it was patriotically united in opposition to a common danger, and it was able, in the midst of intense and overwhelming excitement, not to fly to an unknown name which would offend nobody by meaning nothing, but to throw itself almost solidly and in a moment upon a man known to everybody, and known as a leader and representative of Republican principles and Republican progress.

General GARFIELD's nomination can not be said to have been anticipated, but it happily proves that the most prolonged and elaborate and unprincipled planning may be, and, arguing from experience, generally will be, abortive. New York delegates to Chicago in 1860 will remember the confidence with which Mr. SEWARD's nomination was expected. Everything that could be done had been done to secure it. The New York delegation thundered across the country in a special train, and at every town enthusiastic orators announced to eager crowds that New York was going to Chicago to nominate Mr. SEWARD. Convention arts and tricks and effects were not so complete in those days as in these, but there was very little doubt in any New York breast that Mr. SEWARD would be the candidate, and he had himself gone home to Auburn, and was sitting with friends in his garden, to receive the news, when the fatal telegraph clicked that LINCOLN was nominated on the third ballot. In the Convention the New York delegation sat silent amid the frenzied and roaring multitude within the Wigwam, and the joyful thunder of cannon without. When at length exhaustion made silence possible, the leader of the New York delegation, Mr. EVARTS, with a generous sense of propriety, and without an intimation from the chair or request from his associates, arose and advanced to the platform. Amid the hush of the vast concourse of people he began with tranquil dignity, "Mr. Chairman, the delegates from New York came hither from a great State, bringing with us, as we thought, the name of a great statesman." With a few brief and admirable words he portrayed Mr. SEWARD, and then with the most hearty and magnanimous appreciation and perfect loyalty he moved the unanimity of Mr. LINCOLN's nomination, while the New York delegation arose and joined in the universal acclamation that shook the Wigwam. It was a great disappointment greatly encountered, without mortified vanity, or reluctance, or littleness, or spite; and every New York Republican, however ardently solicitous for Mr. SEWARD's nomination, felt that the attitude of the State, in Mr. EVARTS's brief and pathetic, eloquent and cordial, speech, was still dignified and admirable.

The unforeseen had happened. The most wary plans had failed. The renomination of Mr. LINCOLN and the two nominations of General GRANT were uncontested. In 1876 and 1880, however, there were contests, and infinite planning and machinery of every kind, and again the unforeseen happened, and the most cunning calculations were foiled. There is, however, one enormous and obvious advantage in the present result. It was wholly spontaneous, and the candidate was nominated without a single promise or a chance of the smallest bargain. Not a vote was bought or forced. Every one was freely given, and not ignorantly; not in the dark, to an unknown or doubtful man, but upon personal political knowledge and confidence, to a recognized leader of the party. It is this which makes the result unique. The unforeseen has happened, not only because the nomination of General GARFIELD was not anticipated, but because it is not the nomination of an unknown man. The universal pleasure with which it has been received by Republicans of every shade, and by the independent press and sentiment of the country, is the best possible verdict upon the action of the Convention. "Who is JAMES K. POLK?" was the question of 1844. But nobody needs to ask that question concerning a Republican chief and the leader of the House, of whom the Boston *Herald*, one of the most independent of independent journals, says:

> "General GARFIELD's name will be a tower of strength with all classes who recognize that law, order, stability, and education are essential conditions to our prosperity as a people. He represents the principles which underlie our civilization and give life and vigor to our institutions; and while sufficiently in sympathy with that sentiment of the imperial West which regards the republic as a nation, he has always shown himself a sincere and devoted friend of local self-government by the several States."

## COLLATERAL VICTORIES.

THERE were many points settled at Chicago besides the nomination of candidates, which will be of great practical service. The unit rule, as it is called, was definitively abolished. This abuse has never had much practical countenance in the Republican party except from extreme machine men, and all the Republican National Conventions in which the question was raised have emphatically condemned it. It is hardly likely to be seriously urged again, and its disappearance is a happy augury. The Republican party is especially a party of liberty, and the unit rule is merely a gag and suppression of the minority before the point has been reached which the majority must rightfully determine. The only pretense of an argument for it is that the majority ought to rule. But this is untrue of every step except the final action. The nomination of a candidate must be made by a majority, but in order that the decision of the majority may have moral weight, and be properly accepted as binding, it is indispensable that every delegate should have perfect freedom of action. This sound doctrine was affirmed at Chicago by an immense majority, and it is one of the signs of the continued vigor and good sense of the party.

Another important question which was settled, in a manner which insures permanence for the settlement, is that the Congressional district is the basis of the National Convention. This point also has been obscure and contested. The number of district delegates to the Convention is determined by the number of Congressional districts, but in some of the States there has been a despotic disposition to supersede the district sentiment by the sentiment of other districts in the form of instruction from the State Convention. This abuse abolished district representation in fact, while retaining its form, and this abuse also has been corrected by the Convention. The danger of these abuses is evident from the situation at Chicago. If the unit rule and the right of State instruction had been affirmed, a candidate would have been imposed upon the party who was plainly not only not the party choice, but against whose nomination there was the most positive and strenuous opposition. The Convention, thoroughly understanding the situation and the peril of such a practice, directed the National Committee to summon the next Convention in a manner which shall enable every district in the country to select its own delegates. The result will be, in the State of New York, for instance, that sixty-six delegates will be selected in thirty-three districts, and that every delegate will be a representative, not a galley-slave, and will vote in the Convention according to his convictions. Both these decisions will commend themselves to every intelligent citizen. They secure the best representation of every opinion, and the freedom of every delegate, and effectually dispose, so far, of party "bosses" and "bossing." There will be no more slave-driving in a Republican Convention.

It is for the National Committee to decide whether to recommend separate district conventions for the selection of national delegates, as in Massachusetts, or a State convention in which each district delegation shall form a little district convention, as in New York. The better way is the separate district convention, because it secures more certainly the independence of action which is the intention of local conventions. The power of the machine, which is the evil always present and always to be opposed, will be very much less in thirty-three different assemblies than in one aggregate assembly. But whatever detail of this kind may be thought preferable, the great gain that has been made for honest politics by these decisions of the Convention is incontestable. No State can now domineer over the conviction and preferences of the party. Every delegate will be an individual, and the Convention will represent the party as the House of Representatives now represents the country. This victory over the machine has been won by the courage and intelligence of individual delegates, and by the clear and conclusive argument of the anti-machine press. Indeed, there was never a preliminary discussion more thorough and vigorous than that of the independent Republican press before the Convention. If the machine was never more insolent and unscrupulous, the opposition to it was never more resolute and triumphant. Great praise is due to Senator ROBERTSON and his associates from New York. It is doubtful whether, except for his emphatic assertion of the true principle of instructions, before the Convention met, and the pledge which he and his associates signed at Chicago, the chain would have been broken with which it was hoped to bind the freedom of the Convention. The victory is signal. But it is not the end of the contest with the "boss" spirit. Every inch gained must be held; but it will be held, and the inch made a foot, only by the same comprehension of the character of "boss" rule, and the same tenacious courage in fighting it.

## AT CINCINNATI.

THE Democratic Convention will assemble in Cincinnati as this paper is issued, and we see no reason to doubt that Mr. TILDEN will receive or control the nomination. His power in the Convention, however, will be immediately tested by the rival KELLY delegation from New York. If that is admitted, even with half a vote, it will show that the TILDEN interest does not control the votes necessary for a nomination, because we assume that under no circumstances would that interest consent to recognize the KELLY bolting delegation. It would indicate that the TILDEN interest had not even a majority, while a two-thirds vote is necessary to nominate. The KELLY question, however, will be very awkward, because Mr. KELLY has just re-asserted that "with TILDEN we can not win"—a remark which is interpreted by those who are versed in the KELLY language to mean, "If TILDEN is nominated, I'll serve him as I did ROBINSON." Now as the vote of New York is indispensable to the election of the Democratic candidate, if the Democrat who defeated his party in New York last year says that if Mr. TILDEN is nominated he will beat it this year, the situation of the Democratic Convention becomes very painful. It can not count upon Mr. TILDEN's receiving his vote of 1876 under any circumstances whatever. Whether he or another be nominated, he will not receive so large a vote as in 1876, for several reasons. One is that many Republicans were then very doubtful about the course of Mr. HAYES, while all Republicans are now heartily united upon General GARFIELD. Again, the independent vote in 1876 was cast for Mr. TILDEN, but the organs of that vote are in 1880 warmest in their commendation of General GARFIELD, and it will be cast for him. Moreover the cipher dispatches, the POTTER investigation, the Democratic threats of the extra session, the GARCELON plot in Maine, and the MORGAN joint resolution for counting the electoral vote, have all awakened a deep distrust of the Democratic party, which was not felt in 1876, and which will be a chief element in the campaign of this year.

For such reasons no Democratic candidate can hope to poll in New York so large a relative vote as that of Mr. TILDEN in 1876. The party has lost entirely the advantage of its position in 1874, when its general success seemed to be not improbable. But this position was due largely to Republican discontent, to industrial depression, and to the feeling that the Republican party had lost its moral fibre and could not recover itself. But the prompt Republican condemnation of the third term project in 1875, and the nomination of Mr. HAYES in 1876; the unequalled purity of his administration, and its total freedom from the associations and scandals which had nearly ruined the party; the resumption of specie payments and the revival of industry; the general sound Republican financial policy and patriotic sentiment, in contrast with the revelation of the Democratic spirit and purpose in the extra session and all that has followed; and now the result of the Chicago Convention—have all shown conclusively the healthy vigor of the Republican party, and its ability to "slough off," in Mr. BOUTWELL's felicitous phrase, the dangers that beset it from within. The advantages of 1874 are thus wholly lost to the Democrats, and there is no possible way in which they can be recovered. Indeed, the only general argument for Democratic success this year was that the Republicans have been in power for twenty years, and that, after so long a term, any change is desirable. This was a specious argument; but the election and administration of Mr. HAYES, and the nomination of General GARFIELD, in the teeth of all the influences which justify the argument, have disproved it, and have shown that the country can still safely trust a party which resists dry-rot, and is not content to rely upon party organization and party spirit, but insists upon an appeal to the public intelligence.

As we have heretofore pointed out, one of the most serious troubles of the Democratic party is that it has but one "cry," and that one has become ridiculous. It cries that its candidate was defrauded of his election in 1876, when it is proved that his confidential agents were trying to secure it by fraud. It is a conclusive argument against the Democratic party that, having been in power in one House of Congress for six years, and in the other for a year, it can point to no wise legislation attempted, nor to any national policy proposed, and is reduced to the pitiful position of offering as its sole claim to public confidence the assertion that a candidate whose agents could not buy the Presidency was cheated out of it. The contest at Cincinnati will be watched with curiosity. If the KELLY delegation from New York should be admitted to the Convention, the ROBINSON or TILDEN delegation would probably withdraw, and if the KELLY delegation should be rejected, it has proved its will and its power to give New York to the Republicans.

## THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

THE Democrats control both Houses of Congress. They know, in common with the whole country, the danger of neglecting to provide a fair method of counting the electoral vote. They know that the want of a clearly defined constitutional plan is the perilously weak point of our political system, difference upon which in 1876–77 brought us to the edge of civil war, and that it is not improbable that the question of the count may become in 1880–81 as vital as it was four years ago. Having the power, the Democrats have the responsibility, and it is their failure to introduce a just and reasonable method, not Republican resistance to an unjust and unreasonable method, which is the source of the danger to which we are now exposed.

The question is not partisan, and if the Republicans have treated it as such heretofore, it was an offense which does not justify Democratic offending. It was only necessary to provide a means of settling controversies within the States. Had that been done, the sole condition upon which Congress could assume to reject the electoral vote of a State would have been a contest as to the State authority itself. If there are two authorities assuming to be the lawful State government, there must be a tribunal to decide, and that tribunal is necessarily Congress. Beyond this the Constitution evidently intends, but unfortunately does not explicitly declare, that the Congressional count shall be merely ministerial. If the Democrats had desired an obviously constitutional, just, and reasonable method, they would have adopted the principle of Mr. EDMUNDS's bill, which in a

party sense is no more Republican than Democratic.

Mr. MORGAN'S concurrent resolution providing a plan of counting made Congress the Returning Board to pass upon the qualifications of every individual elector in every State, and to decide by a snap judgment. If objection were made to the vote of any elector, the Houses were to separate, and discussion was to end in each in half an hour. If both Houses agreed to reject, the vote should be rejected; if they disagreed, it should be accepted. We have already shown that such an arrangement as this would enable a party majority in Congress to reverse the popular election, and make a President. It is, we repeat, not the party which resists, but that which proposes, such a system, which is really responsible for the failure of proper provision. The Democrats, having the majority, will of course adopt such a rule as they choose. But they may be sure that their treatment of this vitally important question will be one of the grave counts in the long indictment of offenses under which they will be arraigned before the country until the election.

## "PRAISE INDEED."

ONE of the most gratifying tributes to General GARFIELD'S nomination is the hearty approval of such men as ex-President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, and President CHADBOURNE, of Williams College, of which the General is a graduate, and President SEELYE, of Amherst College, and President ROBINSON, of Brown University. Their praise is the commendation of men who are not politicians in the ordinary sense, but who represent especially the intelligent and patriotic sentiment of the country. In the Baccalaureate sermon of President ROBINSON, preached on the Sunday after the nomination, he said:

"Let the action of a great Convention of American citizens on Tuesday last interest us. Scheming politicians had long and warily laid their plans, partisanship had exhausted itself of its devices, the cunning and craft of politicians seemed on the eve of triumph, but to the honor of our common country be it said that once and again have machine politics been wrecked, and wily demagogues been mutually outwitted, and more than all, the worth of an unimpeached and unimpeachable character, the priceless value of untarnished honor and unswerving fidelity to principle and duty, have been recognized in the selection of a candidate for the highest honors in the gift of fifty millions of people. There is yet hope for the republic."

And the Rev. Dr. BEVAN, of New York, said, in his discourse, alluding to the Convention and its daily opening with prayer:

"The nomination resulted in the overthrow of factions, and no man could have been named of whose high character his party and the public are more assured. Let the next Convention find such a one, and perhaps they will find him more easily if the good men will meantime continue their prayers."

## BRIGHT SKIES.

THE friends of administrative reform may well be encouraged. The administration of Mr. HAYES is more closely identified with this reform than any other, and whatever has not been done, very much has been done, and that administration is one of the chief arguments for the continued power of the Republican party. It is both a clean and a reform administration, and except for that fact there would be little hope of Republican success. Meanwhile the plain need of such reform, and the indisputably good results, both in the character and the efficiency of the service, which have followed the adoption of the new system, have made a marked impression; and however the "Glory to God, regards to BABCOCK," politicians may furiously rage together, there is no public question which more generally and deeply interests the thinking political mind of the country.

Two unexpected signs of this interest have lately appeared. All practical efforts of reform have been made by Republicans, and the Republican pledge to reform has been constantly and consistently renewed. Moreover, the general character and traditions of the Republican party indicate it as the party of reform. But this is in no sense a partisan movement. On the contrary, it is especially the people's reform, and its adoption is a test of patriotism. The pledge was placed in the Chicago platform in obedience to the consciousness that the most intelligent citizens are more and more interested in it. It is suggestive, therefore, and, as we said, surprising, to find in the New Orleans *Democrat* a letter of nearly four columns, addressed to Mr. BAYARD, recognizing the evils of the present system, and urging a remedy which shows the justest appreciation of the exact root of the evil. A day or two after this letter was published, the Illinois Democratic Convention, which nominated for Governor an ex-Republican, made this strong and radical declaration of principle: "Substantial reform of the civil service, *so that Federal officers shall be the servants of the people, and not of a party.*"

We have our own opinion of platforms. But they are unquestionably signs of what party politicians believe to be the thoughts and desires of the people, and those politicians are not mistaken in assuming a wide and deep interest in this question. General GARFIELD could do nothing to commend himself more closely to the warm confidence and support of the great body of intelligent Republicans than by touching in his letter of acceptance the key of that of Mr. HAYES upon this subject, and of continuing and extending in his administration the good work which Mr. HAYES has begun.

## WEST POINT.

THE report upon the case of WHITTAKER has been submitted to the Secretary of War, but his decision is not yet announced. Should he disapprove it, it is fair to conclude that the guilt of WHITTAKER is not as evident as has been assumed. Should he approve it, it is, we suppose, not improbable that WHITTAKER will demand a court-martial, in which it is to be hoped that the *ex parte* evidence and the expert testimony will be thoroughly tested by able counsel.

It is obvious that from the first WHITTAKER was really assumed to be guilty, and was placed upon trial before an unfriendly court, which had no proper knowledge of the rules of evidence. The one authority upon which his guilt has been generally accepted was the testimony of the experts about the torn edges of the paper. That testimony, however, has not been subjected to the examination of an expert in legal evidence, and, however damaging, it ought not to be received as absolutely conclusive until it has been so tested. Meanwhile there is great emphasis laid upon the fact that WHITTAKER has been "plucked" in astronomy and philosophy. It is only surprising that he is not plucked in every study, and in heart and hope, by the prejudice which pursues his color and his race.

At the late examination at West Point the Hon. ALEXANDER RAMSAY, Secretary of War, made a short speech to the cadets, in which he said, impressively—and he spoke for the American love of justice and fair play:—

"It is peculiarly the duty of all officers of the government by their action to demonstrate the truth of our theory of true national life. It is pre-eminently the duty of all graduates and under-graduates of this Academy, who are the beneficiaries of all our people, to symbolize their faith in the vital source of our national strength, the equality of manhood, by recognizing the right of every person, of whatever condition, to strive for the attainment of such positions as their abilities and desires may warrant. It is an ignoble thing to be governed by an imaginary superiority over any of our less fortunate fellow-citizens, born of adventitious circumstances, and thrice ignoble to make active exhibition of so unworthy a sentiment by oppressing those whom we may deem beneath us. A true manhood dictates the extending of a helping hand to lift up the lowly, and kind words of encouragement to those who are struggling to elevate themselves. I ask you, my young friends, to give some thought to these suggestions, and to cultivate, not only love of country, but as well a love for the sentiment of which our country was born."

The cadets listened in profound silence, and after a moment they burst forth in loud and long applause.

## THE BOOTH BREAKFAST.

THE late breakfast to Mr. EDWIN BOOTH upon occasion of his departure for Europe was a very striking testimony of his strong hold upon the affection as well as the admiration of his friends. For many years he has been recognized as our chief tragedian, and his popularity has no more decreased with familiarity than the charm of a fine picture or poem. His success is wholly genuine and legitimate, and even those who seldom go to the theatre perfectly understand the remark of Judge BRADY, who presided at the table: "The fact is that EDWIN BOOTH has become one of us. He is an indispensable element in the drama; he is absolutely necessary for our comfort and our happiness."

The speeches were all ardent, but they were very sincere. Mr. BOOTH'S acknowledgment of Judge BRADY'S compliment was simple and modest, like the man. Mr. WINTER'S poem, like all his occasional verses, was most musical and felicitous; and Mr. REID well remarked that in saying, "We honor him not merely as an actor, but as a man, we are proud of him both as a tragedian and a gentleman," he had said all. ROBERT COLLYER cordially recognized the co-operation of the great actor with the great preacher in impressing the human heart and soul. Rev. Dr. EWER told interesting stories of Mr. BOOTH'S California career, and Mr. STEDMAN alluded to the British demand for a "flavor of the soil" in every American talent, and humorously suggested to Mr. BOOTH how he might produce "American effects" in England.

But while the pulpit and the press and the bar and literature eloquently greeted the guest, his own profession also was admirably represented, and raised its generous and cordial voice of praise and sympathy. LAWRENCE BARRETT and WILLIAM WARREN and JOSEPH JEFFERSON and LESTER WALLACK united in the tribute of respect and affection, although Mr. WARREN insisted that he came to breakfast BOOTH, and not to praise him. It was a hail and farewell worthy of the guest and the hosts. It was a feast at which VERPLANCK and the elder DANA would have gladly sat, and HAZLITT and CHARLES LAMB. They too would have cried Amen, and prayed for a happy voyage and a prosperous return.

## SKIPPER IRESON.

WHITTIER'S ballad of the Marblehead skipper FLOYD IRESON, who for his hard heart was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart, is one of the most familiar of his poems. But a history of Marblehead, by SAMUEL ROADS, Jun., which is just published, gives another version of the story, and to the credit of the skipper. It was in October, 1808, that the schooner *Betty*, commanded by Skipper BENJAMIN IRESON, arrived in Marblehead from the Grand Banks. The crew alleged that off Cape Cod Light they had passed the schooner *Active*, of Portland, in a sinking condition, and that Skipper IRESON had refused to stop or to lend any assistance to the wrecked sailors.

There was great indignation among the seafaring population of Marblehead, and on a bright moonlight night a mob seized the skipper, and bound him, placed him in a dory, and smearing him with tar and covering him with feathers, dragged him in a cart toward Salem. The Salem authorities forbade the entrance of the mob into that town, and it returned to Marblehead. Throughout the ride the skipper was silent, but when he was released at his own door, he said, "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it."

The facts presently appeared. When the *Active* was seen, a terrific gale was blowing. Skipper IRESON consulted his crew, and they refused to risk their lives to save others, and they would not even stay by the wrecked schooner until the storm fell, as the skipper proposed. When they reached Marblehead, fearing the wrath of the people, they laid the entire blame upon Skipper IRESON. It is pleasant to record that Mr. WHITTIER in the frankest and most characteristic way states that he was probably deceived. In a very cordial letter to Mr. ROADS he says that he is glad the true story has at last been told, and told so well, adding:

"I have now no doubt that thy version of Skipper IRESON is a correct one. My verse was solely founded on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early school-mates, a native of Marblehead. I supposed the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I knew nothing of the particulars, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad, for the sake of truth and justice, that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living."

## EATING CROW.

THE chaff about eating crow—a dish which is just now in great demand—springs from a story in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, more than a quarter of a century ago. It was the story of a summer boarding-house keeper on the Hudson and of an indignant patron. Whenever the latter ventured to suggest that the spring chicken was rather tough, or that the roast beef must have been cut from the cow's hoofs, he was directly told that he was entirely "too partickerler," and that the autocrat of the table and the house could eat anything, even a crow. This settled the matter for the time being, but the boarder, convinced against his will, was of the same opinion still, at all events in regard to the quality of the edibles placed before him. So often was the remark, "I kin eat anything, I kin eat a crow," brought down on his devoted head that he finally resolved to try the old man. He went out gunning one day, and succeeded in bagging a very fine, fat, old black crow. He went into the kitchen, and by dint of soft words and filthy lucre induced the cook to allow him to prepare that crow for the table. He boiled it nicely, and then it wasn't such a bad-looking dish. His heart misgave him; the "flinty old cuss" would eat it after all. The cook was a Scotchwoman, and used snuff. He borrowed all she had, and sprinkled it liberally over the crow, gave it another simmer, and then taking it on a salver, brought it before his host, saying, as he set it down, "Now, my dear sir, you have said a thousand times, if you have said it once, that you can eat crow: here is one very carefully cooked." It is said the old man turned pale for a moment, but braced himself against the back of his chair, and with "I kin eat crow," he began, cutting a good mouthful. He swallowed it, and then preparing for a second onslaught, he looked his boarder straight in the eye, while he ejaculated, "I've eaten crow," and took his second portion. He lifted his hands mechanically, as if for a third onslaught, but dropped them quickly over the region of his stomach, and, rising hurriedly and unsteadily, retreated for the door, muttering as he went, "But dang me if I hanker arter it."

## PERSONAL.

WE were indebted to the courtesy of Mr. SARONY and Mr. PACH last week for the excellent photographs from which our portraits of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President were engraved.

—HENRY JAMES, Jun., has won, in the estimation of both English and American critics, the highest distinction as an artist in fiction. His many admirers will be pleased to learn that in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July—just published—there is begun a new serial story by this favorite author, entitled "Washington Square," an entirely American story. This new novel, while it has the æsthetic charm so peculiar to the author, is also a very strong work considered as a story, with striking dramatic situations, and a forceful delineation of character.

—Mr. JAMES B. COLGATE, of this city, has given $25,000 to Madison University, at Hamilton, Madison County, New York, and a similar amount to the Colgate Academy, in the same beautiful village. Mr. COLGATE'S generous gift makes up the sum of $200,000 he has bestowed upon the university, and increases the endowment of that important institution to $509,000.

—Of the late Empress of Russia the London *Saturday Review* says: "She was quite aware of the general danger which her husband had to encounter, and her illness, if due to disease, was aggravated by anxiety. She had also the pang of remembering happier days, and her memory must have constantly gone back to the time when the Czar was not only the benefactor but the idol of his people. She lived to see the emancipator of the serfs dogged by assassins, and driven from the exercise of power into gloomy and solitary obscurity. Probably her greatest comfort in her supreme hour of trial was that she had given her unhappy husband the tender care and loving ministrations of a devoted daughter."

—Prince WILLIAM, eldest son of the Prussian Crown Prince, has just been solemnly betrothed to Princess AUGUSTA VICTORIA. The aged Emperor brought in the bride, and beamed with gratification as he presented BISMARCK and other guests to her. She has great personal attractions, and is in her twenty-second year—nearly the same age as Prince WILLIAM. She wore a white silk dress, and a hat trimmed with May-flowers, with white veil. A bouquet of tea-roses rested on the breast, and in her hand the Princess held one of white roses and May-flowers. A sixfold string of pearls, with a golden medallion, was round her neck. The match is said to be one of mutual affection rather than of state arrangement.

—It is said that MEISSONIER is reserving his large studio for the large picture which he means to paint by-and-by, when he is done with small ones.

—Several anonymous letters concerning Mr. W. S. GILBERT, of *Pinafore* fame, having been addressed to managers of London theatres, that gentleman has offered through his solicitors a reward of fifty pounds, to be paid to any person who will give such information as may bring the offender to punishment.

—JOHN BROWN'S old fort at Harper's Ferry—the engine-house to which he retreated after he could no longer hold the United States Arsenal—was among the Harper's Ferry property the government recently offered at auction, but only one bid of $10,000 was offered, whereas the government holds the premises at $55,000, and the sale was adjourned. The water privilege at Harper's Ferry is considered one of the most valuable in the country, but neither business nor sentimental considerations made a demand for the property, though its intended sale was widely advertised.

—General SHERMAN will be present at the exercises held at St. Paul, Minnesota, on July 3, to commemorate the discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony.

—ABRAHAM GARFIELD, the great-uncle of the General, and JOHN HOAR, grandfather of G. F. HOAR, were among the militia witnesses who deposed to the British assault at Concord Bridge. Their depositions were taken at the desire of the Continental Congress, which wished to show that it was the British government which made the first illegal aggressions.

—Judge J. B. HOWELL died at his home at Keokuk, Iowa, June 17, aged sixty-four. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Iowa, and in 1870 was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed JAMES W. GRIMES. For some years he has been one of the Commissioners of Southern Claims. He went home from Washington a few weeks ago in bad health.

—A picturesque description is given of General GARFIELD'S dinner on the evening before he whipped HUMPHREY MARSHALL at Middle Creek. He was found eating stewed rabbit out of a tin cup with one of his officers, the two gentlemen taking turns with the one small tea-spoon which was available.

—Mr. J. H. SHOENBERGER, the Pittsburgh iron manufacturer, has just settled $1,000,000 upon his new-made bride, who was Miss ALICE TAYLOR, of this city.

—The Rev. Dr. J. F. HURST, who has been elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has resigned the professorship of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Dr. GEORGE R. CROOKS was appointed to fill the vacancy. Dr. CROOKS is a man of liberal culture and great breadth of mind, and his accession to the faculty of Drew will be a source of strength to the seminary. No better man could have been selected for the place.

—H. M. PAUL, of Dedham, Massachusetts, a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1873, and the Thayer School of Civil Engineers, class of 1875, and now Assistant Observer at the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., has received the appointment of Professor of Astronomy in the University at Tokio, Japan. He will sail from San Francisco for Japan on the 1st of August.

—A curious coincidence has been noticed in London, where three men well known in financial and social circles—LIONEL LAWSON, M. J. PONSO, and JULIUS BEER, all of enormous fortune and all great friends—died suddenly within a space of little more than six months. More odd still is it that each of the three possessed a corner house on the left-hand side of Portland Place, each corner in succession to the other.

—General GIBBON, the old commander of the famous Iron Brigade of Wisconsin, attended, with his wife, the recent soldiers' meeting at Milwaukee. Mrs. GIBBON, who had accompanied her husband throughout his campaigning, and who was almost worshipped by the command, rode with him in the procession. The wildest cheers greeted Generals GRANT and GIBBON; but when the old soldiers caught sight of Mrs. GIBBON, there was a greater uproar, and they pressed forward, eager even to touch the hem of her dress, many of them breaking into tears and sobs.

—The *Gaulois* says that on the eve of the late duel between ROCHEFORT and KOECHLIN the former went to the play, and enjoyed it like a child, while the latter was equally light-hearted among his friends. When they met on the field next morning, ROCHEFORT was very nervous, and seemed in haste to have the affair ended; he gnawed his mustache, twirled his imperial, and could not stand still. M. KOECHLIN, on the other hand, was cold, impassible, and absolutely correct both in dress and in demeanor. After two minutes of fighting, ROCHEFORT was wounded in the stomach, which shows how important it is to keep cool.

—TOM TAYLOR, the English dramatic writer, contradicts the report that he is suffering from a paralytic stroke, and says he had a severe attack of suppressed gout, but that he is now better.

—According to a writer in the *Evening Post*, princes are abundant in Persia. He says: "The most interesting specimen met by a recent traveller is a lineal descendant of the great NADIR SHAH, and supposed to be his heir were that dynasty restored to the throne. He is a wicked-looking old man, with an enormous slightly hooked nose, the nostrils large and quivering like those of a race-horse, the point drooping like an eagle's beak. His forehead is very high and wide, but slopes backward to an unusual degree. Were it not for the peeping, half-shut appearance of his small, cruel eyes, he would have a slight resemblance to the late President LINCOLN of the United States. As it is, with his large ugly mouth and projecting under lip, he looks like a man who would be capable of repeating some of his illustrious ancestors' orders about building pyramids of human heads, and collecting bushels of eyes from a rebellious province, and looking on calmly while his orders were executed. He was very shabbily dressed in a brown tunic with military buttons, over which was a greasy gray robe. His tall Persian hat of black lamb's-wool looked rather seedy, and he seemed not to have washed his face for a fortnight."

"A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM" NOMINATION.

THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES (COLUMBIA). "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? . . . . Thou art as *wise* as thou art beautiful."—SHAKSPEARE.

## THE OBELISK, AND HOW WE GOT IT.

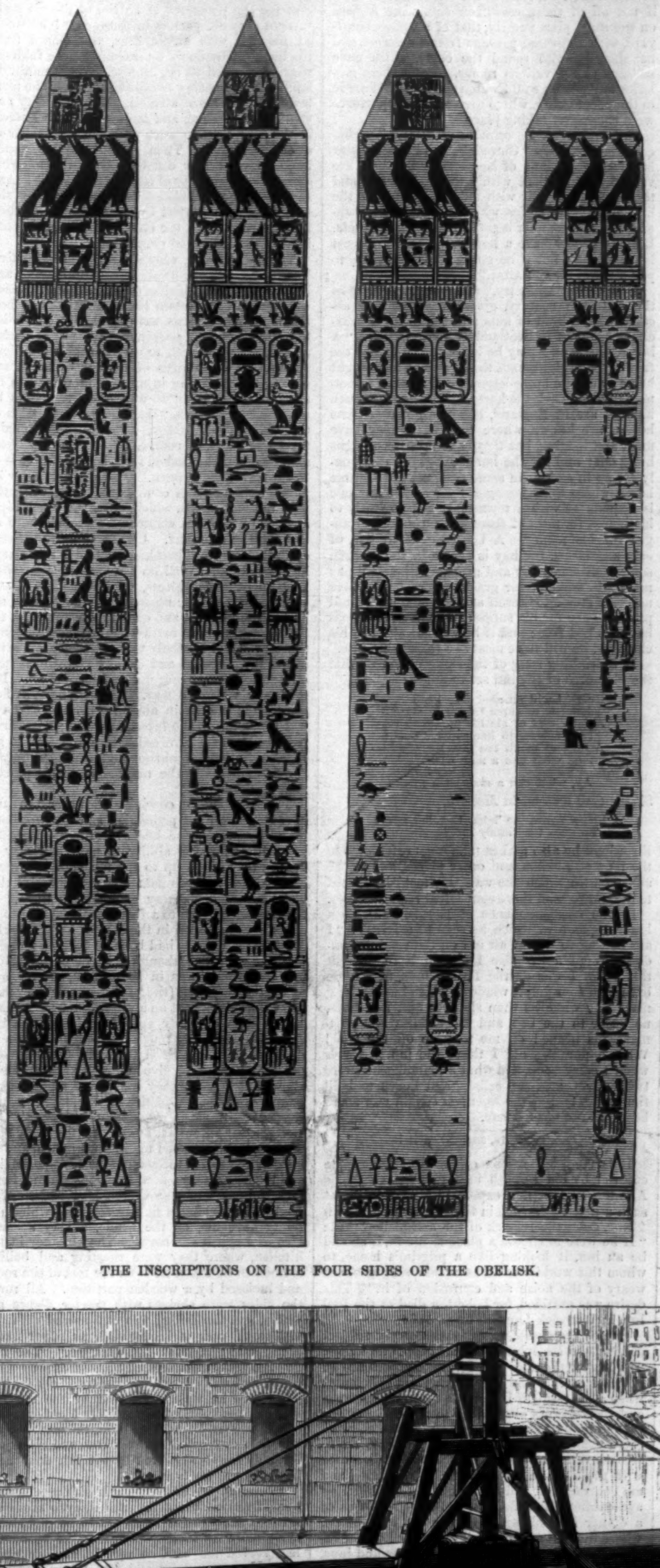
IT was early in the month of October, 1877, that the first practical steps were taken toward bringing to New York the great historic obelisk of Alexandria known for ages past as "Cleopatra's Needle," and now on its way across the seas, under the charge of Lieutenant-Commander H. H. GORRINGE, of the United States navy. Mr. JOHN DIXON, of London, was then transporting to London the prostrate obelisk of Alexandria which now stands on the new Thames Embankment, in that city. Through his friend Mr. LOUIS STERNE, an accomplished American engineer, long resident in England, and then on a visit to this country, Mr. DIXON, about the end of September, 1877, informed the editor of the *World* that the then Khedive of Egypt, ISMAIL PASHA, had intimated to Mr. DIXON his wish to present to the United States the standing obelisk of Alexandria, and Mr. DIXON expressed a desire to ascertain whether the authorities of New York would defray the necessary expense of conveying it to America. That expense Mr. DIXON roughly estimated at about £20,000 sterling, or $100,000. It chanced that the editor of the *World*, being in Egypt some years before, had been assured by the Khedive in person of the lively interest which he took in the formation throughout the civilized world of museums and collections of Egyptian art, and of the particular gratification which it gave him to know that a beginning at least had been made in the formation of such museums and collections in America. The Khedive took at once an enlightened and a practical view of the subject. He had been struck by the absence of the American flag from the great parade of the ships of all nations through the Suez Canal, and he was firmly convinced that the prosperity of Egypt would be advanced by everything which could tend, directly or remotely, to develop more extended relations, commercial and social, between that country and the great republic of the West. He commented rather sarcastically, too, upon the disposition of certain European nations to monopolize not only the control of the resources of Egypt, but the study of Egyptian art and Egyptian archæology, and he stated with some emphasis that whatever he could do in any way to bring Egypt and America more closely together, he would always be found not only ready but anxious to do. The suggestion made by Mr. DIXON, therefore, was at once and warmly taken up by the editor of the *World*, and by him communicated to Mr. HENRY G. STEBBINS, then a member of the Park Commission of New York, who received it with great satisfaction, and cordially promised his active co-operation in the work of giving effect to it. On the 7th of October, 1877, the *World* announced the fact that upon proper application the obelisk could doubtless be secured for New York, and stated the probable expense of securing it. The announcement was received with general gratification by the public and the press. The *Evening Post* declared "the desirability of the end proposed too apparent to need urging"; the *Commercial Advertiser* pronounced "the project novel and praiseworthy"; and on the morning of October 8 Mr. CHARLES STORRS offered, through the *Tribune*, to be one of fifty persons who should contribute $2000 each to secure for the commercial and social metropolis of the New World a monument, than which, the *Tribune* truly said, "we could possess no more memorable ornament of an architectural character, none so enriched by associations linking us to the whole story of human civilization." The *Tribune* also observed that "the whole cost of transportation would be subscribed in a week, as soon as the announcement is verified."

No doubt this might have been done. But the project was too important to be left at the mercy of a protracted financial negotiation through the press with the public in general; and the editor of the *World* therefore, after communicating by cable with Mr. DIXON, called upon a citizen of wealth, who promptly agreed to defray the estimated expense of taking the obelisk down and bringing it to the New World. After some further negotiations, the sum of £15,000, or $75,000, was finally fixed upon as adequate, and an agreement was entered into by the gentleman referred to with Mr. DIXON on that basis, Mr. HENRY G. STEBBINS agreeing to take charge of the matter in its practical public aspects. The project was then laid before the Secretary of State, Mr. EVARTS, who took it up with great satisfaction and zeal, and at once directed Mr. FARMAN, Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, to take the necessary steps for securing the obelisk from the Khedive.

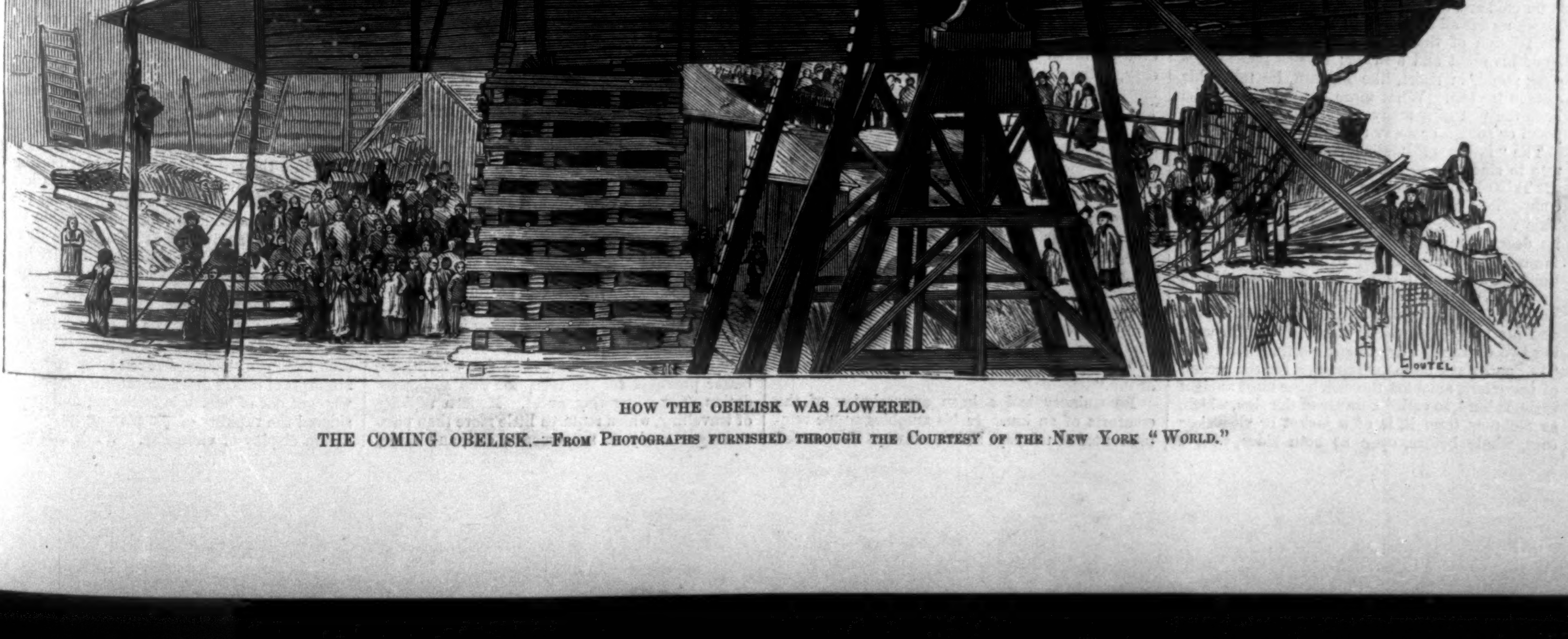
Meanwhile the sister obelisk, during its voyage to England, had met with serious misadventures. The float containing it had been cut adrift by the convoying steamer during a gale in the Bay of Biscay, recovered by another vessel, and taken into a Spanish port. Mr. DIXON in this way was put to serious, and by him unexpected, expenses, as a claim for salvage upon the obelisk was made by the vessel which had recovered it, and a lawsuit had to be conducted before the subject was finally disposed of. In view of these mishaps, Mr. DIXON naturally enough became a little disturbed as to the possibilities involved in his still more serious undertaking in connection with the obelisk intended for America. He finally asked for a reconsideration of the agreement entered into, and proposed to the editor of the *World* that a new undertaking should be made for a sum sufficient to cover what he regarded, no doubt justly, as the additional risks developed by his experience with the London obelisk. After mature consideration, the proposition was declined, and the editor of the *World* was empowered by the liberal citizen who had assumed the cost of the operation to make any arrangements he might see fit with any American engineer who could be found to undertake it.

The negotiations of Consul-General FARMAN meanwhile went on under very trying circumstances. The Khedive, to whose intelligent good-will the American people owe the original proffer of the monument, was in the hands of French and English agents bent on making the utmost use of the power of their respective governments to reduce Egypt to the condition of a European dependency. Much jealousy was shown by Europeans in Egypt of the gift made to the United States, and obstacles of all sorts were thrown in the way of the conclusion of the matter between the American Consul-General and the Egyptian Foreign Office. On the enforced abdication of the Khedive, Consul-General FARMAN at once sought and obtained an audience of his son and successor, MOHAMMED TEWFIK PASHA, who promptly confirmed the action of his father in regard to the obelisk, and on the 18th of May, 1879, a formal and definite confirmation in writing of the original gift to the city of New York was given by the Egyptian Foreign Office to the American Consul-General, who at once communicated it to the Secretary of State at Washington.

Upon receiving notice of this fact, the editor of the *World* thought it but just and courteous to offer Mr. DIXON, to whom New York stands indebted for the inception of this undertaking, the opportunity of renewing his agreement, should he desire so to do, for transporting the obelisk to New York. Mr. LOUIS STERNE communicated this offer to Mr. DIXON, who declined to accept it, but, with much courtesy, put all the information he had acquired in removing the first obelisk to London, together with various machines and contrivances employed in that operation by him, at the service of the editor of the *World*, for the



THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE FOUR SIDES OF THE OBELISK.



HOW THE OBELISK WAS LOWERED.

THE COMING OBELISK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK "WORLD."

benefit of any American engineer who should undertake to bring the second obelisk to this country.

Several propositions were made and considered for doing this; but while the subject was still under deliberation, Lieutenant-Commander H. H. GORRINGE, in command of the United States steamer *Gettysburg*, returned to this country from a long surveying service in the waters of the Levant, during which Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE had made a special personal study of the position of the standing obelisk at Alexandria, and of that port, with a direct reference to the conditions under which its removal must be conducted. An accomplished archæologist, as well as a gallant and skillful officer, Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE had taken the liveliest interest in the project. Immediately upon his return he sought an interview with the Secretary of State, who, becoming satisfied, after a full conversation with him, that he had mastered the question of the removal in all its details, referred him, with the strongest recommendations, to the editor of the *World*. After a careful examination of the plans and drawings submitted by him, the work of removing the obelisk was formally committed to Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE, and an agreement made with him on the same basis with that originally accepted by Mr. DIXON. He set about his enterprise at once with great energy and prudence, and on the 24th of August, 1879, sailed in the *Britannic* for Liverpool and Alexandria, having previously superintended the construction, at the Roebling Iron-Works, in New Jersey, of some new and extremely ingenious machinery, devised by himself, to be used in taking down and shipping the monolith. At the request of the Secretary of State, the Naval Department granted a special leave of absence to Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE, and to Lieutenant SEATON SCHROEDER, who accompanied him, to navigate the vessel in which the obelisk should be shipped.

During the whole of the autumn of 1879, and the winter of 1879–80, Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE was occupied not only with overcoming the severe material difficulties involved in the task he had undertaken, but with defeating the intrigues and machinations of innumerable parties interested in preventing, if possible, the consummation of an enterprise which had been regarded from the beginning with an unfavorable eye by the great majority of Europeans resident in Egypt. With the exception, indeed, of the Russian representatives in that country, and of the numerous and intelligent Greek community there, it may be said that the united influence of the European world of Egypt, public and private, was thrown against the young American officer and his work. His patience, firmness, and tact, however, have proved equal to all the demands made upon them; and with the loyal and efficient co-operation of Consul-General FARMAN, to whom too much praise can not be given for his active and judicious efforts in the matter from the outset, the work of removing the obelisk from its site, and shipping it for its long and perilous voyage, was triumphantly carried through.

Thanks to the unfortunate condition of our own steam marine, it was found by Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE to be impossible to obtain an American vessel for the service, excepting at ruinous rates, and the obelisk is coming to us, therefore, on a steamer of English build, the *Dessouk*, which was purchased by Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE in Egypt, and altered and modified there to suit his views. In this vessel he sailed from Alexandria at 2 P.M. on Saturday, June 12. He will doubtless be first heard from at Gibraltar about the 21st or 22d of June, and after that his arrival with his precious freight in the harbor of New York may be expected about the middle of the month of July.

## INNS OF OLD ENGLAND.

IF a metaphysician were asked why so much has been sung and written by poets and philosophers in praise and favor of inns, he would probably reply: There is a novelty and mystery connected with an inn that appeals to certain elements of the human mind. The traveller drives up to a house of entertainment, and all is doubt, uncertainty, possibility. How shall he be lodged, and wherewithal shall he be fed? There is danger that the beds may be damp and the food cold; he may be regaled upon cold mutton, and forced to consume stale bread. So excited is his mind with these uncomfortable possibilities that, when the converse is ushered upon his senses, the reactionary emotion is all delight. Grant that he finds himself in a neat sitting-room, a blazing fire lighting up the hearth, and an admirable meal placed at his elbow. He feels then that the world is no cold and inangular place. Among strangers, his wants are all supplied with care and diligence; the friction of the housekeeping is far removed from his sight and hearing; no one molests his quiet; and, in short, like Falstaff, he takes his ease in his inn. What more natural than, if he have the pen of a ready writer, he should indite poem or sonnet or essay to its praise?

The "father of English poetry" did not hesitate to sing the praises of an inn. It was from the Tabard that Chaucer and his nine-and-twenty companions set forth on their famous pilgrimage. This was the oldest inn in Britain, surviving in its decay many other houses that have become famous and have ceased to exist since it was built. The Tabard is, or was until recently, in existence, on the very spot, if not indeed preserving the identical building, from which the poet and his party made their start. Stowe, in writing two centuries after Chaucer's time, says that "in Southwark be many fair inns for the receipt of travellers, amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called because of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open at both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders." Most if not all of these establishments were formed on the same plan, namely, that of a square courtyard, with a covered passage from the street, and hanging galleries round the court, which gave passage to the various rooms. From these galleries any person could watch the animated scene in the court below, where arrivals and departures were constantly taking place.

In Harrison's "Description of Britain," prefixed to Hollinshed's "Chronicle," a high character is given to the inns of England: "Our inns are verie well furnished with naperie, bedding, and tapesterie, especially with naperie, for beside the linen used at the tables, which is commonlie washed dailie, ech commer is sure to lie in clean sheets. If the traveller have a horsse, his bed doth cost him nothing; but if he go on foot, he is sure to pay a penie for the same."

Morrison's "Itinerary," written at the close of the sixteenth century, gives an interesting account of the kind of inns and the mode of travelling common in Scotland at that period. "A horse," he says, "may be hired for twopence the first day, and eightpence the day till he be brought home; and the horse-letters used to send a footman to bring back the horse. They have no such inns as are in England, but in all places some houses are known where passengers may have meat and lodging, but they have no arms or signs hung out; and for the horses, they are commonly set up in stables in some lane, not in the same house where the passenger lies; and if any one is acquainted with a townsman, will go freely to his house, for most of them will entertain a stranger for his money. A horseman shall pay, of oats and straw, for hay is scarce in these parts, some eightpence day and night, and he shall pay no less in summer for grasse, whereof they have no great store. Himself at a common table shall pay sixpence for his supper and dinner, and shall have his bed free; and if he will eat alone in his chamber, he will have meat at a reasonable rate."

In a drinking song of the same period we find the pleasures of the inn set to music:

> "He that will an ale-house keep
> Must have three things in store—
> A hogshead of ale his guests to regale,
> And a bush to hang at his door;
> A hostess to fill the tankard at will—
> And what can a man wish more?
> Merry hearts,
> Ay, what can a man wish more?"

Shakspeare tells us, in *Macbeth*,

> "Now spurs the 'lated traveller apace
> To gain the timely inn."

Elsewhere he also makes numerous references to the inns of London and other places, and to the anxiety with which the wayfarer looked forward to the comforts of these convenient resting-places.

In the correspondence of Horace Walpole a letter appears in which he says to a friend: "I am writing to you at an inn on the road to London. What a paradise I should have thought this when I was at the Italian inns, in a wide barn with four ample windows which had nothing more like windows than shutters and iron bars, no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold! What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back, and what a magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-cellars, and boxes to hold the knives! But the *summum bonum* was small beer and the newspapers.

> "'I blessed my stars, and called it luxury.'"

It is recorded as one evidence of the repute enjoyed by old English inns that the venerable Archbishop Leighton expressed a wish to die at such a place. Burnet, in the *History of His Own Times*, gives the remark of the archbishop thus: "If he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it." This desire was gratified, for Leighton died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, in June, 1684.

One of the greatest enthusiasts on the subject of inns was Dr. Johnson. "As soon," he writes, "as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize, and am contradicted, and in this conflict of sentiment and opinion I find delight." Boswell tells us of a dinner he took with Johnson at Chapelhouse, where the "literary whale" expatiated on the felicity of England in regard to taverns and inns, and her superiority over France, which had not in any perfection the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it can not be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

De Quincey had a keen appreciation of the comforts of an inn. In his autobiographic reminiscences of the days before railways transmuted our whole system of travel, he has a word of regret for the pleasures of an inn of the old sort: "What cozy old parlors in those days! low-roofed, glowing with ample fires, and fenced from the blast of the doors by screens, whose foldings were, or seemed to be, infinite. What motherly landladies! won how readily to kindness the most lavish by the mere attractions of simplicity and youthful innocence, and finding so much interest in the bare circumstance of being a traveller at a childish age! Then what blooming young handmaidens! how different from the knowing and worldly demireps of modern high-roads! And sometimes gray-headed faithful waiters, how sincere and how attentive by comparison with their flippant successors, the eternal 'Coming, sir, coming,' of our improved generation."

The opium-eater, whose nerves were sensitive, in another instance dwells upon the hauteur and indifference with which outside travellers by coach were treated at certain inns. His story of how the road-side taverns were gradually compelled to grant to outside passengers the use of basins and towels wherewith to perform their ablutions shows that innkeepers of his day by no means obeyed the Scripture injunction in regard to respect of persons. "It was upon travellers by coaches," he tells us, "that the full oppression of the old vicious system operated. Post-chaise travellers could, of course, have what they liked, and generally they asked for a bedroom. It is of coach travellers I speak. And the particular innovation in question commenced, as was natural, with the mail-coach, which, from the much higher scale of its fares, commanded a much more select class of company. I was a party to the very earliest attempts at breaking ground in this alarming revolution. Well do I remember the astonishment of some waiters, the indignation of others, the sympathetic uproars which spread to the bar, to the kitchen, and even to the stables, at the first opening of our extravagant demands. Sometimes even the landlady thought the case worthy of her interference, and came forward to remonstrate with us upon our unheard-of conduct. But gradually we made way. Like Scaliger, at first we got but one basin amongst us, and that one was brought into the breakfast-room; but scarcely had two years revolved before we began to see four, and all the appurtenances arranged duly in correspondence to the number of inside passengers by the mail."

The travellers by coach had, however, the same advantage over the pedestrian as those who journeyed by post-chaise had over them. Pedestrians with as much ability to pay their way as those who dashed up to the inn door in a post-chaise were not common last century, and they had but scant courtesy extended to them. Of the reception given to a foot-traveller we have an amusing illustration in the case of Pastor Moritz. Most of his journey had been on foot—a mode of progression which, though it is the correct mode of "travelling," was in those days, as now, only fit for the very poor (the "tramps"), or the "muscular Christians" out on a walking tour. At Eton Moritz with difficulty got admission to the inn, and a bedroom that much resembled a prison for malefactors was offered to him. "Whatever I got they seemed to give me with such an air as showed too plainly they considered me a beggar. I must do them the justice to own, however, that they *suffered me to pay like a gentleman*." At Nettlebed (appropriate and suggestive name!), he tells us, "they showed me into a kitchen, and set me down to sup at the same table as some soldiers and the servants. I now, for the first time, found myself in one of those kitchens I had so often read of in Fielding's fine novels, and which certainly gave me, on the whole, a very accurate idea of English manners." The chimney in this kitchen, where they were roasting and boiling, seemed to be taken off from the rest of the room, and inclosed by a wooden partition. All round the sides were shelves with pewter dishes and plates, and the ceiling was well stored with provisions of various kinds, such as sugar-loaves, black-puddings, hams, sausages, etc." The next day the pedestrian dressed himself as well as he could, and was consequently shown into the parlor, where he was "addressed by the most respectful term, sir, whereas before I had only been called master." At Nuneham, the next village, he was treated with great rudeness, and his request for a bed was answered by the inn door being banged to in his face.

In another instance Pastor Moritz recalls a system of extortion not yet extinct, even though as a rule attendance is supposed to be included in the bill. "As I was going away, the waiter who had served me with so very ill a grace placed himself on the stairs, and said, 'Pray remember the waiter.' I gave him three halfpence; on which he saluted me with a hearty oath. At the door stood the cross maid, who also accosted me with, 'Pray remember the chamber-maid.' 'Yes, yes,' said I, 'I shall long remember your most ill-mannered behavior and shameful incivility," and so I gave her nothing. I hope she was stung and nettled at my reproof; however, she strove to stifle her anger by a contemptuous loud horse-laugh."

It is curious to find evidence that in Ireland the result of more rapid communication was to reduce the comfort and convenience of the inns. The following extract from an article published fifty years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine* will not, however, bear any other interpretation: "The travelling between Cork and Dublin, saving the indifference of the roads and the discomfort of the conveyances—circumstances causing no complaint, because expectation looked to nothing better—afforded gratifications for which we shall vainly look at the present time. Inns were not only more numerous, but, with a few exceptions, better provided for the reception and accommodation of the lingering guest. Modern rapidity of travelling, which requires little more than post-carriages ready at a moment's call, and rarely stops but for a hasty refreshment, has greatly diminished the good cheer of the old landlord, and obliged his successor to seek compensation in extravagant prices. Excellent breakfasts might then be had for sixpence or eightpence, good dinners for one shilling, superlative for two and sixpence, and right good Bordeaux for two British shillings per bottle; inferior wines in proportion."

In these last remarks the history of inns outside of Ireland might be included, for undoubtedly the prices of the innkeeper have waxed higher and higher with the increased haste of travelling; and this not only in consequence of the generally increased value of money, but from the fact that travellers make their hotel less a home and more of a temporary convenience than in olden time. This is more especially true of inns at show places which have only a limited season to depend upon, and of the larger hotels in busy centres of life, where there is a constant change of guests at every hour of the day and at every train. One of our modern writers differs with his predecessors in regard to inns. Lord Lytton tells us that "a night at an inn is to most rich Englishmen a torture most rigorously to be shunned." One would have believed that in modern times it was the "rich" Englishman who could most readily command "mine ease at mine inn," and there surround himself with much of the comfort of his own house. It is certainly true that in many cases only the rich can command the comforts of a hotel, and the matter is not mended by a poorer man seeking a less pretentious house. Second-rate houses are apt to have nothing in common with the best inns and hotels except the expense. Travellers of to-day are apt to realize, as did Pastor Moritz, that though a lowly appearance may prompt to rudeness or inattention, permission is always freely accorded to "pay like a gentleman."

## MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

A GOOD deal has been said about the injustice of comparative criticism, and few have written of Mr. Joseffy without shrinking from comparing a young pianist with those whose powers have been ripening for years in the sunshine of popular favor. But Rafael Joseffy, I take it, can hold his own against any living pianist, and, to whoever comparison works injury, he will not be the sufferer. This position Mr. Joseffy has gained at the age of twenty-seven, and after so disheartening a failure at his first appearance that his success seems equally the result of great musical endowments and indomitable will. He first studied under Moscheles at Leipsic, where he remained two years, and then he became a pupil of Tausig. His début in Vienna was a fiasco. His playing was considered ruthless, and he was reckoned little more than a piano pounder. After six years' hard study he again played before a Viennese audience, and this time with instantaneous success. From a critic who spoke of his former appearance in most severe terms he now elicited the following: "Day before yesterday we heard him again. But what has become of the boy who a few years ago showed every disposition to grow into a thoughtless pianist? A perfect artist, a master of the piano."

We Americans, who judge of pianists by the standard of Rubinstein and Von Bülow, have indorsed this opinion. Mr. Joseffy's triumphs here have been as great as those of Rubinstein, and he has surely left a more agreeable impression than Von Bülow. The latter seems to me a pedagogue who has chosen the concert hall for the purpose of instruction. He is a distant, unsympathetic, and at times even an irascible professor. Rubinstein thrills his audience by sudden outbursts of passion, and during such moments it is apparent that he is more than a pianist: he is, like Liszt, a genius who happens to play the piano. But if these moments of *abandon* are not so intense with Mr. Joseffy, they nevertheless form a part of his interpretations, which those must have overlooked who adjudge his playing methodical because always technically correct. "Pianists' fits," as orchestral players are fond of calling these spurts, are very marked in Mr. Joseffy's performances with orchestra. In fact, at one concert his changes of tempo were so sudden and so impetuous that I watched him once or twice run a whole bar ahead of the conductor, while confusion was avoided only by the more discreet orchestral players following the pianist instead of the leader. It must have been noticed, too, in his solo-playing that while he rendered the same piece on several occasions with unfailing technical accuracy, there were yet many changes in expression, which showed how frequently he yields to momentary inspirations. Such poetical variations can no more be the result of method than the entrancing mutations of the Æolian melody.

So much has been said during the past season of Mr. Joseffy's unparalleled technique that it is interesting to trace its origin. It is due to the peculiar method of instruction first adopted by his teacher Tausig. This consists in practicing exercises and scales mostly staccato. The staccato which was taught by Tausig, however, differs from that of the Hummel and Moscheles school. For while the latter is produced by "curling the finger under the hand so soon as it has left the key," Tausig compelled his pupils to "let the finger fall like a hammer, and lift it again in the same position as quickly as possible." By assiduously following this method, Mr. Joseffy has developed his powers of execution until he surpasses all other pianists in technique. This technical perfection renders his performance of certain Chopin études unique, and the ease with which he overcomes all difficulties relieves the hearer of that feeling of suspense excited by the perilous attempts of others less admirably equipped. Some who got out of breath in following him have considered the rapidity of his playing no more than a vain display of virtuosity. While this was un-

doubtedly the case in one or two instances, the velocity complained of was usually employed in movements for whose tempo composers had indicated the greatest possible speed. And if some thought these tempos as played by Mr. Joseffy wrong, it must have been because it was the first time they heard them rightly. Among large audiences there are always a few who are unable to follow the rapid development of a musical phrase, and who remind one of the young lady who summed up her impressions of Bach's "Inventions" by saying, "First you hear the melody in the right hand, and then in the left hand; then you hear it again in the right hand, and then you don't know what's become of it."

Mr. Joseffy is endowed with a most sympathetic touch. The warmth of his cantilène, the gravity of his serious moments, and the vivacity of his sportive moods are alike admirable. He plays Chopin's wooing melodies with the tenderness of a lover, Beethoven's epics with the dignity of a poet, and a minuet or a gavotte with the grace of a courtier.

Perhaps his ability to vary the degrees of sound from the loudest tone of which the piano is capable, when properly played, to the faintest whisper, is his greatest accomplishment. His forcible effects are, moreover, always legitimate—never produced by that unrelenting pounding which evidences muscular rather than musical power. If Mr. Joseffy's success will teach a few of his brethren the folly of this physical display, he will have deserved the gratitude of his generation. After all there is a good deal of truth in the old proverb, "Che va piano va sano."

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

## WELSH FAIRIES.

PROPHET JONES, the famous Welsh preacher, had a theory of his own concerning the fairies of Wales. He said: "They are the souls of heathens and others who lived without having heard the means of grace, and who, therefore, do not deserve so severe a punishment as bad Christians. The reason why they are so numerous and active in Wales is that in the eighth and ninth centuries the Welsh lost the light of true Christianity, and received popery instead. This enabled the fairies to be bolder and more intrusive; and then, in Henry the Fourth's time, the hard laws which hindered the Welsh from educating their children brought a total darkness on them, and so left them helpless against such beings. These laws were enacted after Owen Glyndwr had failed, foolishly thinking his nation could shake off the Saxon yoke before it had repented of its sins."

The vale of Neath, still fairy-haunted, was a famous place for fairies in the twelfth century. Gerald du Barri (*alias* Giraldus Cambrensis) tells of the naughty Elidurus, who, having run away from school, was lured into fairy-land. He often used to visit the upper world, and once his mother bade him bring her a present of gold. So, while at play with the king's son, he stole the golden ball and ran off. At his threshold, however, two elves tripped him up; the ball fell, and they seized it, showing him every mark of contempt; for the fairies, though they have no form of public worship, are great lovers of truth, and strictly honest. They are a pattern, too, to mortals in their domestic life. Inconstancy and infidelity are unknown. Wife-beaters had better eschew fairy wives. One New-Year's Eve a young farmer of Myddfai parish, Carmarthen, went to look for his lambs by the lake called Llyn y Fan Fach, in the Black Mountains. On the lake he saw three lovely girls rowing in a golden boat. They landed, and he tried to catch them, but they always escaped. A wizard told him to throw in seven loaves and a cheese on Midsummer-Eve. He did so, though to part with a fine cheese grieved him sore. There was no result; but next New-Year's Eve, in answer to the same offering, the golden boat appeared, the girls landed, and let him talk to them. In fact, he actually ventured to propose to one of them. "I'll marry you," said she, "if you can distinguish me to-morrow from my two sisters." Fortunately he had noticed a peculiarity in the strapping of her sandal; so next day she went with him to his farm, bringing out of the lake seven cows and a bull for dowry. "I shall leave you," she said, "the moment you have struck me thrice without cause." For years they lived happily, and her three sons became the celebrated Meddygon Myddfai—certain physicians renowned in the thirteenth century (so curiously does a bit of real history mingle with the old-world myth). One day they were at a christening, when the wraig (wife) burst into tears. "What are you making a fool of yourself for?" angrily asked her husband. "Why should I not weep? Misery lies before that poor babe in a world of sin and sorrow," she replied. He pushed her pettishly away. "I warn you, husband," said she, "you have struck me once." Not long after, at a child's funeral, she laughed and sang, and even danced. Again her husband was angry, nor was he appeased by her explanation "that the dear child is gone to be good and happy forever." He struck her once more. Again, at a wedding, the bride was young and fair, the bridegroom a decrepit old miser. Here she fell a-weeping, "for," said she, "it is the diawl's compact. Youth weds age for greed, and not for love." He thrust her from him in a rage. She looked at him with tender love and reproach, saying, "The three blows are struck: husband, farewell." Her fairy kine all disappeared with her.

Sometimes the compact takes a different form. A fairy wife was given by her father (the only appearance of such a personage at these weddings) to a farmer's son of Drws Coed (Oakwood), the condition being that she should never be touched with iron. They had several children, and lived most happily; but one day her horse sank in the deep mire, and as her husband was helping her to remount, his stirrup struck her knee. At once sweet singing was heard on the hill-top, and she was parted from him; but though no longer allowed to walk the earth with man, she used to haunt the turf-lake (Llyn y Dwarchen). This lake has moving islands of tussock-grass, like Derwentwater and the little lake of St. Quinlan, near Kenmare, "in which," an old man told me, "the islands move mostly about the time of the great Church festivals." So on one of these islands she used to stand for hours, and hold converse with her husband.

A realistic account of the origin of the lake-maidens is current in the Vale of Clwyd. The men of Ardudwy finding no suitable wives in their own class, perhaps being, by tribal usage, limited to what the ethnologists call exoteric marriages, carried off a number of girls. Their fathers and brothers pursued and slaughtered the robbers; whereupon the girls cast themselves into the so-called maidens' lake (Llyn y Morwynion).

Far less pleasant than sportive elves (ellyllon) or lake-maidens are the gwyllion—old women of the mountain (gwyll, gloom). Prophet Jones minutely describes one who haunted Llanhyddel Mountain in Monmouth. She wore an oblong four-cornered hat and ash-colored clothes, had her apron thrown over her shoulder, and a wooden milk can in her hand. "Wow up!" was her cry, which is the English form of Ww-bwb, the Welsh cry of distress. Those who saw her were sure to lose their way, no matter how well they might know the road. John ap John of Cwm (Coombe) Celyn, described by Prophet Jones as "no profane, immoral man, but honest, peaceable, knowing, and very comely moreover," was going to Caerleon fair. When at the pass in the Black Mountain (Bwlch y Llwyn) he heard shouting, first on one side of him, then on the other. He was seized with a great fright, suspecting it was no human voice; and at last he detected the gwyll's cry, "Wow up!" Running out of the road, he threw himself on the ground and buried his face in the heather, till the thing should have gone by. When the sounds had died away he got up, and found the mists clearing and the birds singing to welcome the dawn. Knives are very valuable in driving gwyllion and other spirits away—a survival of the belief in Excalibur and other magic swords.

Stories about changelings are not distinctively Welsh. In Denmark and Sweden the mother heats the oven as if intending to put the suspected changeling in (no doubt in olden time she really used to do so); or else she throws it into the water, believing that if it be a fairy child it will swim like a duck. Among the Germans changelings used to have very hard times. Luther tells us of one whom he wanted much to have thrown into the Moldau, and to test which he seems to have recommended starvation, for his complaint of it was that "it would eat as much as two threshers, would laugh when any evil happened in the house, and cry when all went well." One Welsh test (known also in Ireland) was to seat the child on a hot shovel; another, tried with fatal result in Carnarvon as late as 1857, was to wash it in a decoction of fox-glove. Prophet Jones's description of a changeling, which he naïvely says "lived longer than such children usually do," proves that faith in changelings helped the survival of the fittest, or rather the removal of the unfit. "I saw him myself," he tells us of an idiot left instead of a child in Church Valley, Monmouth; "there was something diabolical in his aspect, and especially in his motions. He made very disagreeable screaming sounds, frightening to strangers, but was otherwise harmless. He was of a dark, tawny complexion."

## SCORPIONS IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.

As during three or four months they always haunted our tents, so they did our thoughts. Their bodies were as broad, and almost as full, as a finger, their fangs as broad and plump as those of small craw-fishes. With these in the square position of a weevil's feelers, they usually measured, with their snake of a tail, from three to five inches. One brought home was pronounced to be equal to the largest ever preserved in museums or perpetuated on zoological plates. They found out almost every camp, and we found them usually when starting in the morning under the packages, saddles, and tent carpets. One was detected by a colleague in a pocket. Another stung the same man before lunch in his tent. It is curious that this should have been the same man who received the visit from a viper. One was caught during a meal on the back of a chair, crawling toward the sitter's neck, while he was just scanning the ground to see whether any were about. My servant more than once turned them out of my bed, usually a little before I turned in, but once at least from under my pillow immediately after I had risen. Often, no doubt, they were removed without people saying much about it, as bad cases during epidemics are usually concealed by the officers. The nuisance was not quite so bad, or good, however, as to make us desperately face the foe and try to have done with it, by repeatedly allowing ourselves to be stung on purpose, as a sort of inoculation said to steel the frame against the pangs from any subsequent accidents. A special short pair of tongs, however, was at these times always with my ready servant, and he used grimly to exhibit to us with a grin, while we were at table, any remarkable specimen which he happened to catch, secured in these tongs. I did not encourage him to catch them as *sans façon* as servants in India do—attracting the vermin's several eyes by moving a short straw on the ground, like some Pharaonic locust, and then elegantly taking hold with two fingers of the tail-like end of the abdomen close to the sting. The smaller and slender species, with narrow fangs of gall and bile yellow, I found to be more numerous on the main stream and in the Delta of the Nile. These crawl with tail curled up in all seasons. When we asked our Nubian friends about the man-slaughtering power of the dark hard ones, we got the indirect answer that they will kill a camel!

When one of the party was stung, we immediately took hold of his arm, stopped the surface circulation by bandages above and below, tried to squeeze out the venom, and then applied ammonia on the wound. The animal, which escaped, was "only a shrimp," a young one, and the pang did not extend beyond the bandages, nor last long after the burning with ammonia, that is, about twenty minutes. We did not apply ammonia inwardly. The general circulation of the blood was also sufficiently accelerated from the natural excitement to make any stronger expulsive stimulant than a safe glass of wine unnecessary.

Our usual matutinal brushing was supplemented by our brushing with the pencils of our visual rays even the interior of our sleeves, pockets, and the like. Our camel-colored boots, shaken after work, we shook again in the morning, and even before, from dust and sand usually gliding in overnight. But in the scorpion season and region we did this ceremony, due to ungrateful soils, with more attention, as we were richer by one more interest in life. Moreover, we did not change boots for shoes in camp, but were rather careful to have our nether sleeves within the shafts of the boots, or in gaiters or Knickerbockers. And we had an objection, especially at night, when at table, to having our feet reach the ground, which we kept sweeping with the brooms of our looks. A supply of little iron saucers to put—Indian fashion—the bed legs in was desirable; scorpions do not cross water, for fear of being killed by even one drop going into what we may call their lungs.

## THE WISCONSIN "BOYS IN BLUE."

THE reunion of the veteran soldiers of Wisconsin, held at Milwaukee during the week ending June 12, was an event of great interest to the thousands who were present either as spectators or participants. The streets of the city were thronged from morning till night with crowds of enthusiastic people; and at times the pressure was so great as to impede travel, until the police opened the way. Flags and bunting were liberally displayed everywhere. Not only were the public buildings decorated, but private residences were literally covered with flowers, evergreens, and the national colors.

The leading feature of the reunion was the parade held on the 10th. The weather was very hot and sultry, reminding the "boys in blue" of their former toilsome marches under a Southern sun. The line was made up of the veterans of Wisconsin and other States, the State militia, and veterans of the Mexican war. The soldiers were reviewed by Generals GRANT and SHERIDAN, Governor SMITH, and the war Governors of Wisconsin. The column was commanded by General E. W. HINCKS, and composed of five divisions, with Major-General C. C. WASHBURN, General E. S. BRAGG, General STARKWEATHER, General J. M. RUSK, and General H. E. PAINE as division commanders. The enthusiasm awakened by the appearance of the war-worn heroes bearing tattered and bullet-rent battle-flags knew no bounds, but went out in one unbroken round of shouts and cheers from first to last. After the parade, General GRANT, in company with other military and civic officers, visited Camp Reunion, and made a short speech, which was loudly applauded. The next day was given up to memorial services for the dead.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes; and who has not seen more than one window blind?

Fishermen ought to make good actors, because they are always familiar with their lines, and well acquainted, as Pat says, with the seine.

GRACE. "I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?"

CHARLOTTE. "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

A Yankee editor wishes to know whether the law recently passed prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

APOTHECARY. "You want this prescription filled, sir, I understand?"

PATRICK. "Divil a bit av it, surr! It's the bottle I wud have filled."

"I would take a trip round the world," said Mr. Shoddy, "if it wasn't for the expense of returning home again."

"Help the sweeper, please, sir." "Can't, my man. I wasn't brought up to the business; besides, I have no broom."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.—Paterfamilias asks his daughter, apropos of an aspirant to her hand, "By-the-way, is he well educated?" "Well educated? I should say so—at times!"

Madame, who is of great embonpoint, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress that character?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot," answered the brute.

An old lady visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor if he could tell her whereabouts they kept the Axe of the Apostles.

"What earthly use is it," exclaimed a languid Washington swell the other morning, "our twying to be awistocwatic, monarchical, and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States eats pea-nuts while widing in the stweet car? We're nothing but a howid wepublic, after all."

MISS H—— (*who has chosen medicine as a profession, to Professor, who has given the class an ox's heart to dissect*). "Oh, Professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"

"Now tell me candidly, are you guilty?" asked a lawyer of his client. "Why, do you suppose I'd be fool enough to hire you if I was innocent?"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR (*to the teacher*). "Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered?"

TEACHER. "Yes, my dear."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR. "Well, then"—pulling out a hair, and presenting it—"what's the number of that one?"

### THE LATEST FROM THE LOGIC CLASS.

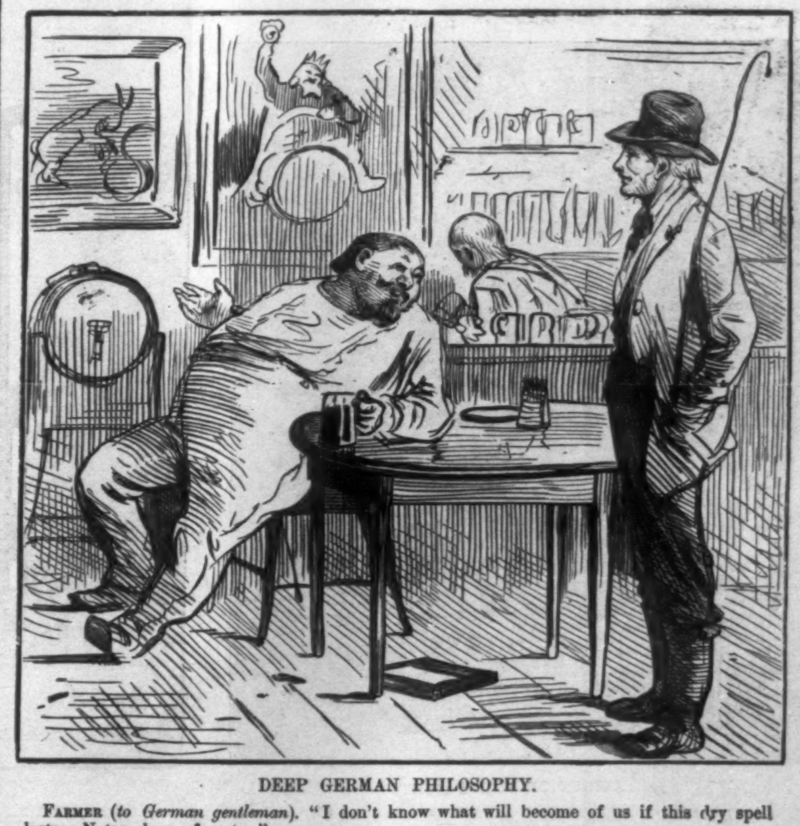
PROFESSOR. "Miss C., give me an example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises."

MISS C. "Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true." [*Class is dismissed.*

Miss Jones was about to marry a military officer, much to her mother's displeasure. "Why, my child," said the latter, "don't you know war may be declared at any moment, and take him away forever?" "Very well," was the answer, "a widow of seventeen—what could be more poetic!"

A Boston theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks was again illustrated yesterday. A woman stopped at a grocer's on an up-town avenue and asked: "Is them lettuce fresh?" "You mean that lettuce," suggested the clerk; "and it is fresh." "Then you'd better eat it!" she snapped, as she walked on.

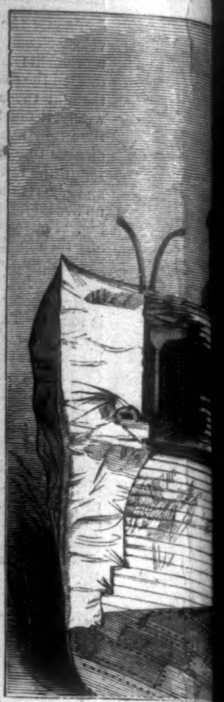


DEEP GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

FARMER (*to German gentleman*). "I don't know what will become of us if this dry spell lasts. Not a drop of water."

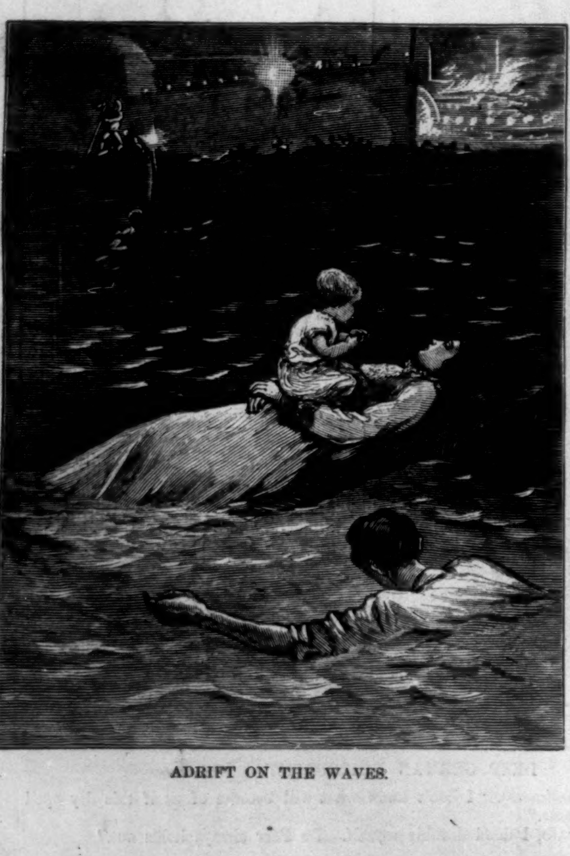
GERMAN GENTLEMAN. "Oh, I dond drouble myself. De Peër always holds out."

THE COLLISION.

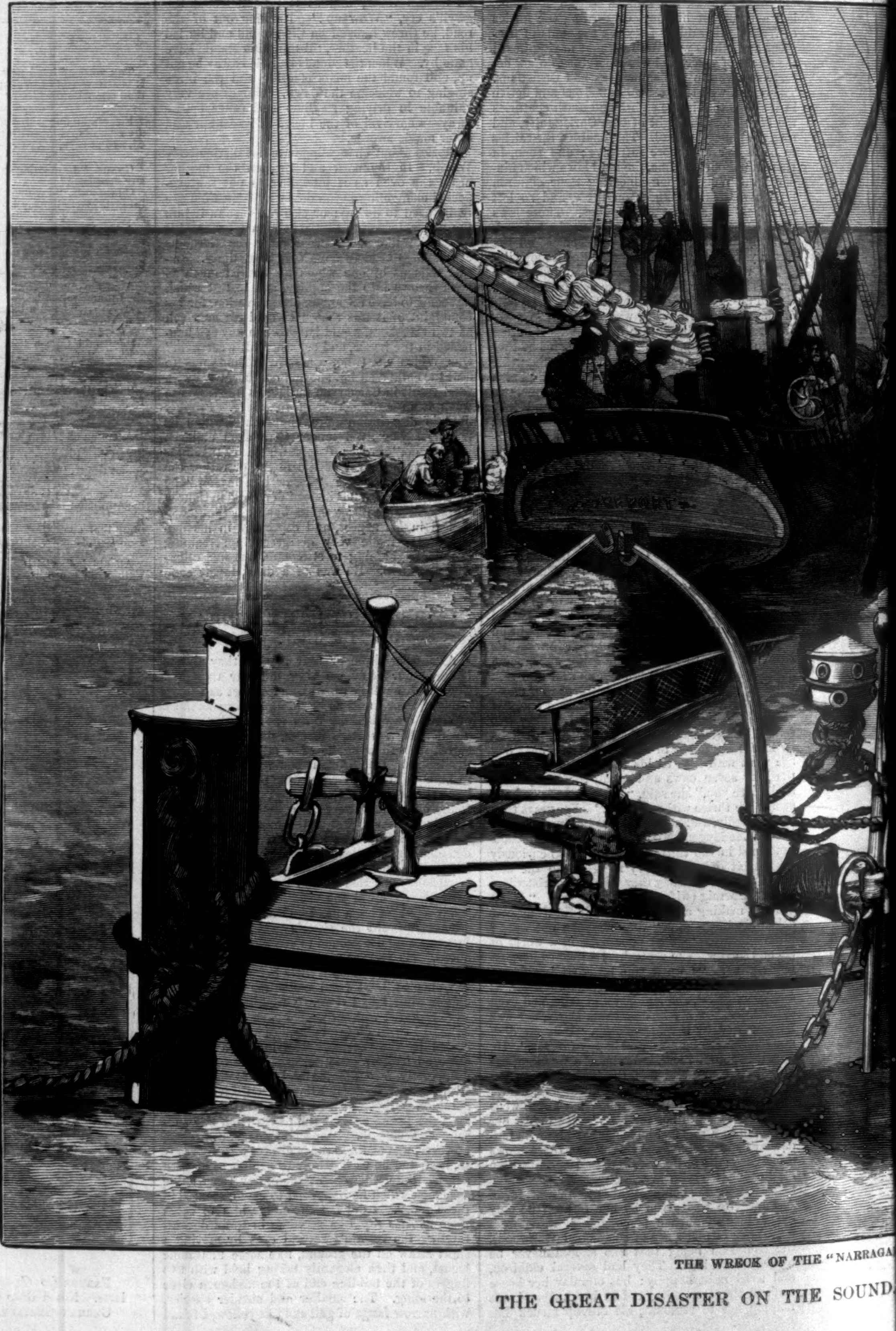


THE BOW O

THE PANIC IN THE SALOON.

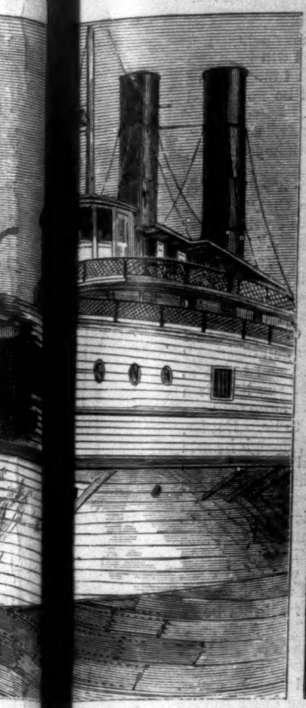


ADRIFT ON THE WAVES.



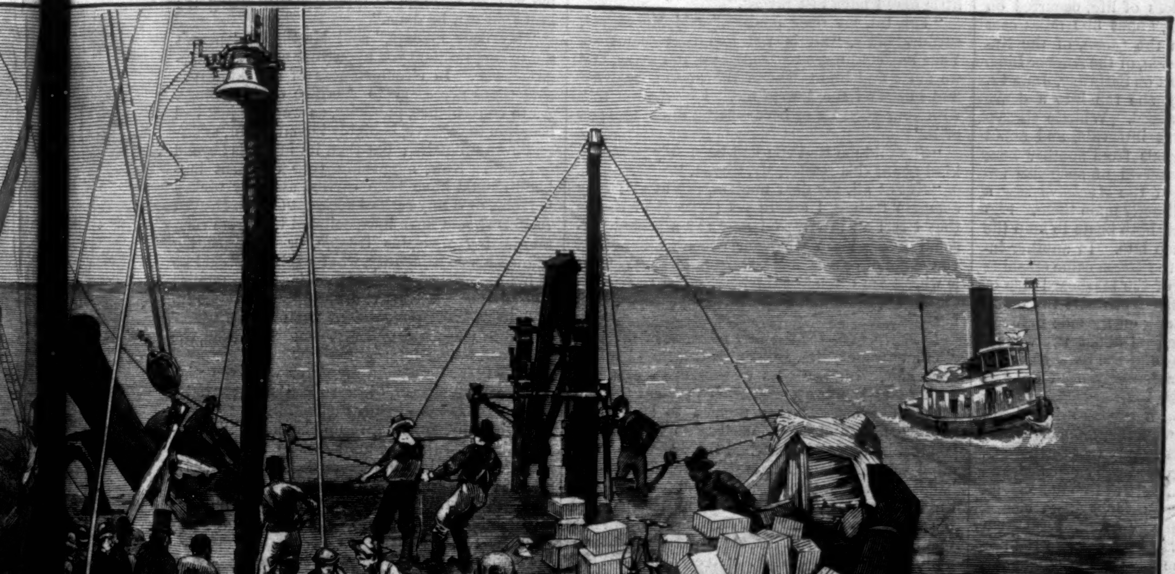
THE WRECK OF THE "NARRAGA

THE GREAT DISASTER ON THE SOUND



BOW OF "STONINGTON."

THE FIRE AFTER THE COLLISION.

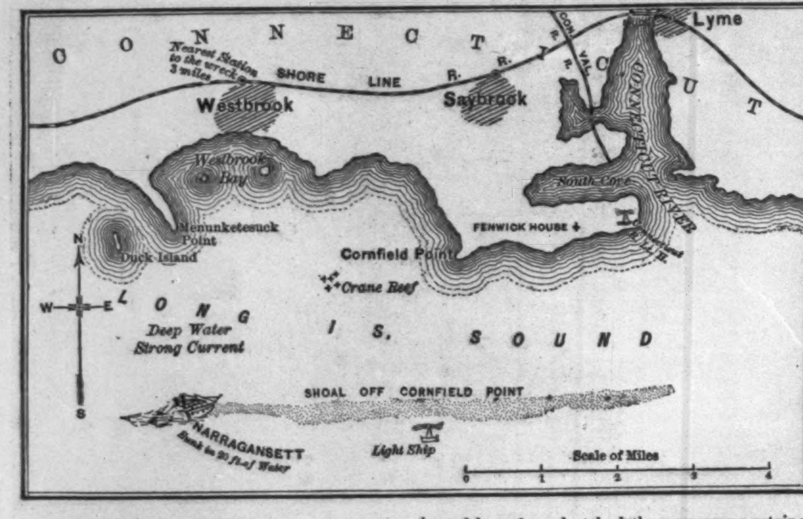



...AGA... DIVERS SEARCHING FOR BODIES.

DRIFTED ASHORE.

TENDING THE SUFFERERS.

...ND... SKETCHES BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 426.]




## DISASTERS ON THE WATER.

ALTHOUGH the collision between the *Narragansett* and the *Stonington* resulted in a loss of life far less appalling than was feared from the earlier reports of the disaster, it was a terrible catastrophe, full of suffering and horror. The collision took place a little before twelve o'clock on Friday night, June 11. Mr. COFFIN, who was a passenger on the *Stonington*, states that he was awakened by a violent shock, and springing from his berth, saw by his watch that it was just seventeen minutes to twelve. Hastening on deck, he found all quiet on board the *Stonington*, and only two or three persons peering through the fog at the receding hull of the *Narragansett*, in whose side a huge rent was plainly visible. A few moments later flames burst forth from the ill-fated steamer, and the next instant showed the water full of struggling people, men, women, and children, who chose to brave the danger of drowning to escape a more horrible death by fire. Mr. COFFIN describes the scene as one of intense horror.

The accident happened about three miles west of the Cornfield Point light-boat, the position shown in the accompanying map. The *Narragansett* left New York at the usual sailing hour, with a load of passengers supposed to number about three hundred. The boat was commanded by Captain YOUNG, and the crew numbered about sixty men. Captain YOUNG was regularly employed as the first pilot on the *Narragansett*, and had taken the place of Captain WALDEN, who had been called away to testify in a lawsuit. He has been on the Providence and Stonington lines for over twenty-five years, and is the captain of one of the winter freight boats on the Stonington Line.

All went on quietly as usual. The passengers retired to their state-rooms and cabin berths with as little thought of danger as if they had been in their own homes. About twenty minutes to twelve some of the passengers were startled by the sudden and violent blowing of the whistle. Two or three minutes later came a terrific crash. The extent of the calamity was immediately apparent. The shock of the blow put out the lights on board, and the confusion and horror were increased by the darkness. Men and women rushed from their state-rooms, crying out for life-preservers. Almost immediately the smell of fire pervaded the saloon, and soon the flames were seen coming from the vicinity of the furnaces. The excitement and confusion grew worse, and there appeared to be no one to control the affrighted crowd. There was rushing and crying for life-preservers. Many people did not know how to put them on, and in many cases the straps were found to be wanting or broken.

The steamer, which had keeled over when struck, now began to sink, and this and the advancing flames drove the passengers into the water. It was reported that no officers were to be seen. The pilot-house was deserted. Men busied themselves in tying life-preservers around the women. A rush was made for the boats. They were found to be tightly fastened, and when cut loose it was discovered that some were without oars, and in some cases the plugs were out, and were hastily replaced by pieces of cork cut from the life-preservers. Eventually several life-boats and life-rafts were launched, with great difficulty, and were filled with passengers from the steamer or picked up from the water in which they were struggling. They were assisted also by life-boats from the *Stonington* and the *City of New York*, which fortunately had been attracted to the spot by the light of the burning steamer. When the last raft left the side of the *Narragansett*, flames were bursting from every part, and in twenty minutes after the collision she sank. For some time the boats cruised around the spot, but no more persons could be found or heard. When it was evidently useless to remain longer in the vicinity, the *City of New York* proceeded on her way to this city, and the *Stonington*, which had received severe injuries at the bow, returned to Stonington.

For several days after the disaster the press was filled with incidents and rumors connected with it. Discreditable conduct was attributed to the officers and crews of the *Stonington* and the *Narragansett;* but an official investigation will be necessary to settle the truth or falsity of the charge. Unhappily there is no doubt as to the cowardly conduct of some of the male passengers. They crowded into the boats, filled the rafts, and in some instances beat off the struggling women who were clinging to the sides. The men, indeed, with a few exceptions, appear to have lost their heads at once. It is the opinion of experienced men that no lives need have been lost had the passengers retained their presence of mind. The number lost will perhaps never be definitely ascertained, but it was probably under thirty.

On our opening pages will be found a series of sketches showing some of the features of the disaster: the collision, the fire, the broken bow of the *Stonington*, the scene in the saloon of the *Narragansett* just after the collison, and other incidents which the reader is already familiar with.

A collision between two ocean steam-ships, happily resulting in no loss of life, occurred on Sunday, the 13th of June, about 300 miles east of Sandy Hook, between the *Queen*, of the National Line, and the *Anchoria*, of the Anchor Line. The *Anchoria* left this port on Saturday, June 12. Early on Sunday morning she ran into a dense fog, and slackened her speed. Whistle signals were sounded at frequent intervals, and about one in the afternoon signals from another boat were heard. A short interval of suspense ensued, when the officers of the *Anchoria* saw a huge steam-ship almost directly upon them. Signals were at once given on both boats to stop the engines, but they came too late. In another instant the heavy bows of the *Queen* came crashing through the iron plating of the starboard side of the *Anchoria*, about twenty feet abaft the mainmast. She made an opening on the side between ten and fifteen feet long, and about twelve feet in width. From the nature of the damage, it appears that the *Queen* came nearly head on, and with great force.

For a moment the *Queen* rebounded, and fell away with the swell, but in another moment struck the *Anchoria* again, about twenty feet further aft. The bows of the *Queen* were badly crushed, and the water rushed into the forward compartment. Had the other compartments not been closed, she would have gone down bow first. The great hole made in the *Anchoria* was opposite the second compartment, but the third compartment was also damaged sufficiently to make it leak. The other compartments being closed, the vessel kept afloat.

Great confusion prevailed for some moments on both steam-ships, but quiet was at length restored, and the passengers of the *Anchoria* were transferred to the *Queen*, the less injured of the two ships. It was then decided to bring the *Anchoria* to this port, the other steam-ship keeping near the disabled vessel. Their stanch construction alone saved these vessels from instant destruction, and prevented a terrible ocean tragedy.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1208.]

## A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—(*Continued.*)

PUBLICITY.

I ONCE knew an eminent yet perfectly honest country solicitor who was accused, as a last resource, or rather as a parting stroke of malevolence, by a scoundrel against whom he was professionally engaged, with forgery. If this thing had happened to a client he would have laughed it to scorn, but since he himself was concerned, it quite threw him off his mental balance, and he telegraphed to London for the first legal advice procurable, as though a man stung by a nettle should have sent post-haste to the Queen's surgeon. And so it was with prudent, sensible Mr. Barlow; now that his own toes were trodden upon, he lost all his judicial calm, and showed himself as sensitive—and to say truth as unreasonable—as though he had been a poet instead of an attorney.

"Will Sabey see Mr. Signet alone?" repeated wondering Amy. "Why, no, Frank. I think it very advisable that I should be with her. You can scarcely understand the sad state which she is in. Please step this way, Mr. Signet;" which Mr. Signet did with no little nimbleness and triumph.

He felt that he had scored considerably off Mr. Frank Barlow, who had, moreover, given him some useful hints as to his behavior; for, to confess the honest truth, the imputation which the newspaper had made against Matthew Helston had not made much impression on the jeweller. He had come to Cavendish Grove so full of his own grievances and his affection for Amy, that there had not been much room for sympathy upon his assistant's account. But he now understood that under that roof at least the anxiety on this head was very considerable.

Moreover, he could not help observing that the effect it had wrought upon Matthew Helston's wife was great and deplorable. That look of extreme youth which had once been her peculiarity had fled, though not, alas! what had been an accompaniment of it, her appearance of fragility.

It begot the same sort of tender sadness in the beholder that is awakened by the skeleton of a flower, or the dying echo of a song. You said to yourself involuntarily as your eye fell on her, "She is not long for this world," and indeed, even now, she hardly seemed to belong to the world at all. It is not, unhappily, a rare case among the lower classes, though seldom or never among the very low. You come too often across these sad transparencies: women whom Fate would seem to have formed to bear light burdens, but on whom the heaviest—poverty, shame, neglect, anxieties, trouble of all sorts—have been imposed; beings whose delicate frame has been worn away as it were by attrition of the rough world, and through which the very soul shines about to flee.

She held a thin hand out to the jeweller, who took it respectfully, and with a sudden impulse raised it to his lips. "I am deeply grieved, madam," he said, with a genuine though passing reverence for her great sorrow, "for the calamity that has befallen you."

"And you, sir, also have suffered," she said, gently, "though"—and here she sighed in spite of herself—"though in another way."

"Don't speak of it," said Mr. Signet. "I am menaced, no doubt, with a serious loss, but at the worst it is not irreparable."

"True," she murmured, "true: whereas, with the exception of my dear sister, and—and our little one, I have lost my all."

"Tut, tut, my dear madam," said Mr. Signet, encouragingly, "all is not lost that seems so. Your husband must be *somewhere*, you know, and we must find him. That's the point; we must find him, and the jewels too. I had some talk with your good sister here—perhaps she told you of it."

"She told me that you had been very good and kind about this matter, Mr. Signet."

"Not at all, my dear madam, not at all; only common feeling, I assure you; except of course that I feel an interest—I may say a strong personal interest—in whatever concerns her—and you—and of course in Mr. Helston himself. That is what I am come about to-day. The accusation directed against him in the newspaper this morning—"

Hitherto, save for the first moment of the jeweller's entrance, Mrs. Helston had leaned back in her chair, with her eyes resting upon him, but with scarcely more speculation in them than in those of a corpse; they seemed to look right through him, and fix themselves on vacancy beyond; his words had reached the doorway of her mind—for she had understood their import—but had passed away from it without crossing its threshold. But ere he finished his last sentence the color had rushed to her wan cheeks, and she was sitting upright in her chair like one whom a miracle has restored to life. "Accusation? What accusation?" she inquired, with a fierce astonishment.

"Well, perhaps I should not say accusation, Mrs. Helston," said Mr. Signet, smoothly. "I think innuendo would be the better word."

"Do you mean that some one has dared to hint anything ill of Matthew—of my husband?"

"Well, it's only a paragraph in a newspaper, after all," observed Mr. Signet, not a little alarmed by the effect of his own exordium. "When incidents of this mysterious kind occur, it is but too usual—"

"Let me see the paper—I pray you let me see it, Mr. Signet," she added, pleadingly, "with my own eyes."

He pulled it out of his pocket, not without compunction—though he had come to the house with that express purpose—and placing it in her hand, pointed out the offending lines with his stumpy finger. "What it states is that I am responsible for the jewels, since they were lost while in my agent's custody, and what it suggests is that my agent has absconded with them."

"Absconded! Matthew absconded!" exclaimed Sabey, her eyes flashing like the very gems of which he spoke, and her clinched fingers tightening as though she would have struck the slanderer d wn. "Who dares to say so?"

"It is no matter who, my dear madam; ten thousand people, having read this paragraph, will have already said so, and to-morrow there will be a million. It is out of the million that the juries come. That is the object of this infernal woman—to influence the jury."

"What woman?" inquired Sabey. She was all attention now; not a word escaped her, or lost a shred of its meaning.

"Lady Pargiter."

"A bad woman," murmured Sabey, with her distant look again; "a woman without a heart."

"Very true, madam; but unhappily not without a head. She is as deep as a well, though with no truth at the bottom of her. I came here to let you know who are Mr. Helston's friends, and who are his enemies. This woman is an enemy. I have reason to believe—nay, I know—that she has stated it to be her conviction that your husband and myself have conspired to steal her diamonds. The gentlemen below-stairs seemed to think I cared for the jewels only; I will only say they have misconceived my feelings—and my motives."

"Which I think—nay, I believe—do you honor," said Amy, warmly. She did really believe that Mr. Signet had been unjustly treated by Frank, and she resented it.

"I thank you, Miss Thurlow," replied the jeweller. "What I would wish to feel is that Mr. Helston and I are in one boat in this affair. That he is as blameless as myself I have no doubt. But we must all of us pull together. I will keep you informed of every step I take, and I must beg of you to do the like. There must be no divided councils."

"My sister and I are in your hands," said Amy, simply. "We have confidence both in your good-will and your ability to help us."

She glanced at Sabey for some corroboration of this view. "I believe in a just God," she answered, gravely, "who will not suffer Matthew's memory to be wronged and slandered."

"Quite right," assented Mr. Signet, approvingly, "and I hope those who do it will be punished—Lady Pargiter for one. We are going to work at first of necessity in the dark, but I think I see daylight somewhere even now. Only you and I—and Mrs. Helston here—we must pull together."

Miss Thurlow inclined her head, and began to hope the interview was over; for she had been much more discomposed by it—on more than one account—than she had appeared to be. But Mr. Signet had something else to say, though he said it in a very low and confidential tone. "Have you spoken to your sister about that matter of the portrait, Miss Thurlow?"

"No, indeed," said she, with almost a frightened air, for the miniature of Matthew, to which she had referred with comparative indifference when questioned by the jeweller, was now scarcely ever out of Sabey's hands, and when it was so, lay in her bosom. "I hope that will not be insisted on."

"It will be very desirable to have it," said Mr. Signet, doubtfully.

"What is wanted?" inquired Sabey, understanding the drift though not the exact subject of this talk. "I hope that no inconvenience, or distress, or pain of any kind that may be caused me will be suffered to interfere with doing the best that can be done."

"My dear madam," said Mr. Signet, "permit me to congratulate you upon your admirable common-sense. In circumstances of this kind it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice one's feelings. As to convenience, publicity, as we have just had occasion to observe, is highly inconvenient, and—and even offensive; but then its utility is beyond question. Now, supposing your excellent husband should have been carried away by wicked persons, or if any serious accident (which Heaven forbid) should have incapacitated him from communicating with his friends, or even making known his own identity, what a thing it would be if his features were made familiar to the public! The photographic art can multiply likenesses indefinitely. The government itself makes use of it in—in various establishments. The dead, the drowned, before interment—"

"You had better tell my sister what you wish at once, Mr. Signet," interrupted Amy; "if indeed she has not already guessed it."

"Oh, Amy, must I give up his picture?" pleaded Sabey, drawing the miniature from her bosom, and gazing on it with passionate fondness. "He gave it me with his own hands on his last birthday—the last." And, with one heart-wrung sob at the thought that he would have no birthday more, she pressed it to her lips, and covered her face with her hands.

"Let us congratulate ourselves, my dear madam, that it was the last," observed Mr. Signet, consolingly, "since the more recent the date, the more accurate will probably be the likeness. It pains me to ask for a memento so dear to you, but the article will be returned, of course, without chip or flaw." Here he found himself slipping into a trade formula, and floundered out of it as well as he could. "In fact, it will not be a penny the worse for being photographed."

"I know you will not let them be longer about it than is absolutely necessary," said Amy, taking the miniature from her sister's unresisting hand, and beckoning Mr. Signet from the room. "As to its safe custody, I need not tell you that, with the fate of its original in this terrible doubt, this picture is priceless."

"I will guard it, my dear Miss Thurlow," returned the jeweller, placing it in his breast pocket, "more jealously for your sake than if it were set with rubies."

The assurance, perhaps, smacked a little of the shop, but the air and manner with which it was conveyed quite recalled the age of chivalry.

To Mr. Barlow, standing in the hall, and looking upward, with the fixed resolution of not giving Mr. Signet an opportunity of seeing Amy alone, when they should leave her sister's presence, they recalled a good many things: how this fellow had had the impudence to present his "intended" with a ring; how he had got up a water party on her account; how he had "soft-sawdered" her—such, I regret to say, was the expression which suggested itself to Mr. Barlow—as respected his interest in Matthew; and finally how he had contrived to establish himself on such terms with her that he could lay his hand upon his heart—for he had put the picture in his left breast pocket—while wishing her good-by. He felt he could not trust himself to speak with Mr. Signet without speaking his mind; he therefore measured him from top to toe, as if he had been his tailor with an order for an outfit, and watched him pass out without a word.

If he could have looked into Mr. Signet's heart of hearts, he would not, perhaps, have been so discomposed; for though on pleasure he had been bent (so far as Amy was concerned), the jeweller had had a frugal mind; he had, in fact, come to Cavendish Grove on business, though he had gratified him to transact it with the object of his affections; he had felt that it was of importance to him that the family and himself should act together in the matter of Helston's disappearance; that it should be known to the world at large that he had every confidence in his late assistant's integrity, and was on terms of intimacy with his friends. That the newspaper writer should

have condoled with him was bad, but far the worst part of the paragraph in his eyes was that which took Helston's complicity in the loss of the diamonds for granted, for the *facit per alium facit per se* of the law was fatally applicable to him. On the other hand, his motive in getting possession of the portrait was entirely different. Mr. Brail, as we have seen, had frankly revealed to him the imputations so imprudently made against him by Lady Pargiter; nor had he concealed from him certain suspicious circumstances in that interview—including one downright falsehood—which had told against that lady herself; but nevertheless the impression on the detective's mind was on the whole what it had been from the first, namely, that Matthew Helston had absconded with the jewels.

"It's a police case, Mr. Signet, and nothing else, that's certain," he had said; "and what is almost as certain, to my thinking, is that your man has walked off with the swag. If you can get his picture, it is only a question of sooner or later as to getting *him*. But time is priceless in these cases. It should be in every police station in London within twelve hours."

This is what Mr. Signet had euphemistically termed "the advantage of publicity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ARMY-WORM.

### (LEUCANIA UNIPUNCTA.)

The owlet moths, comprising many species, are to be seen every summer evening flying in great numbers around the lamp and gas jets. Of these the *Leucania unipuncta* is by no means the rarest. This moth is of a rusty grayish-brown, peppered with black, with a row of black dots running toward the apex, and a small white spot upon each wing. The female moth deposits her eggs on both green and dry grass, and is very active until she has stowed all her eggs away in strings of from ten to twenty each. These are hidden along the inner base of the blades of grass. The eggs are a glistening white when first laid; toward maturity they become dull and yellowish.

Each year in May the young army-worm can be found by any industrious collector in moist grass lands; but fortunately it is very seldom discovered in such large armies as are at present invading the farms of Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut. The invasion was first noticed at the beginning of June on a farm near Islip, Long Island.

Our artist, whose picture is given on page 429, hearing of the army-worm in the neighborhood of Flushing, called upon Mr. Parsons, of Parsons's Nursery, for information on the subject. Mr. Parsons led the way down to a gateway by the Whitestone road, where were seen a group of men and women all looking at something on the ground. Upon nearer approach, the artist saw that the ground was covered with blackish, slimy-looking larvæ. They were making their way across the road into a field of timothy. Gathering a handful of the grass, the artist noticed that the worm dropped as soon as it was touched, and curled itself up in a spiral upon the ground.

The illustration shows the manner in which the timothy is stripped. The worm begins at the top, and eats away the head, until nothing but a barren straw is left. The rapidity with which it devours a head of wheat, oats, or grass is something astounding. One can almost see the crop disappear before one's eyes. Some specimens of the army-worm which our artist has in captivity, for the purpose of studying their little ways, feed ravenously upon hollyhock leaves and many other common garden flowers and plants; they will not, however, touch the leaves of the morning-glory or the sunflower.

On the left of our picture may be seen a magnified figure of the army-worm, and also a magnified front view of its head. The worms on the stalks on the right-hand corner are of the natural size.

It is a pretty well established fact that the moths hibernate during winter, appearing early in the spring, and even on warm days during the winter.

## SQUIDDING FOR BLUE-FISH.

In the Massachusetts Historical Collections it is stated that "a large fat fish called the blue-fish, twenty (20) of which would fill a barrel," were taken on that coast until the year 1764, when they disappeared, and had not returned as late as 1792. Dr. Mitchell notes their return, and the capture of occasional specimens during the early part of the present century, and their yearly increasing numbers; also, the decrease of the weak-fish—the squeteaugue of the Narragansett Indians. Of this fact there can be little doubt, as the destruction of many of these fine fish occurs when a few hungry blue-fish take a weak-fish lunch, dozens of fish being maimed and killed where one fish would have sufficed for an ample feast for several blue-fish.

Moss-bunkers and shad and various smaller fish are also great sufferers from the rush which the blue-fish makes through their schools, for at each snap of the razor-like teeth a fish is cut in twain, or a great piece is bitten cleanly out of the fish. The ferocity of the blue-fish is frequently shown when he is captured, the fisherman frequently suffering severe wounds from a fish which has snapped at him like a bull-dog; and when once his jaws are closed, they hold until the mouth is wedged open.

The arrival of the schools of blue-fish is watched for anxiously, not only by the fishermen, but by the inhabitants generally; for when the blue-fish "strike" the beach, thousands of pounds of them are frequently taken with the squid-line, and numbers of fine weak-fish are often driven into the surf and on to the beach. Many of these are either kicked out of the surf, or picked up and thrown far up on the beach.

The first school of the present season "struck" the beach at Asbury Park a few days since. It was six o'clock in the morning, but the fact that "blue-fish were on" was immediately known, and in a few moments the beach presented a lively appearance. Every one in the vicinity who possessed a squid and line, or could borrow one, promising a part of the prospective catch in return, hastened to the shore. Weak-fish, shad, and moss-bunkers were struggling in the surf, and the blue-fish in their charges came within a few yards of the sand.

Half a mile to the north, near Deal Lake, Elias Sculthorp was out in his fishing-boat. Hastening ashore, he managed to secure about eight hundred pounds of fish, and he avers that he only struck the tail end of the blue-fish, but that the weak-fish were so thickly crowded into the surf that it looked as if he could have walked ashore on them, if he had not been there already.

The blue-fish is occasionally known as the horse-mackerel; farther south it is called the green-fish; and in the waters of the Carolinas it is designated the skip-jack. The average weight of the school fish is from four to six pounds, but fish weighing as much as twenty pounds have been taken in this vicinity.

A short description of the squid will be necessary to make this method of fishing clearly understood by those who have never witnessed the sport. A large and extra strong hook is placed at one end of a wooden mould, into which a molten composition of lead and solder is run, the hook projecting from the metal about two and a half inches; and the finished squid is supposed to—but does not—resemble a shining fish of about six inches long. A hole for the attachment of the line is drilled through the lead at the butt of the squid. The line must be a strong one, and for shore fishing should be about two hundred feet in length. In throwing, the squid, the weight of which is about half a pound, serves its full purpose, for with a few feet of free line it is whirled in a circle, then the line is cast loose, and the squid presently strikes the water far out in the surf. The line is immediately hauled in, hand over hand, and when the school of fish is present, the squid seldom reaches the shore without being seized by a fish. No bait is required, and excepting the fact that novices rarely escape without a damaged index finger upon the right hand, one can have no better sport than squidding for blue-fish from the beach.

Later in the season many fish are taken by trolling with the squid; but the greatest supply of the summer is the product of the gill nets that are anchored and buoyed far off in the ocean; and the return of the fishermen's boats to the beach, after a visit to the nets, is always the occasion of a hasty visit of spectators to the vicinity.

## LONDON COBBLERS.

A man who is a cobbler is often one who has been a very expert shoe-maker, but he is much oftener one who has never been expert. When a workman finds that he can no longer make so fast as the new generation, or seize with their readiness upon each improvement, he often takes to the repairing; and were it not that he is generally too far fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, such a man would be very valuable to his employers. From his past experience and skill he knows exactly what can be done to boots and shoes, and how to do it, and does not spoil the article in putting it together after he has partially pulled it to pieces, whereas less skillful hands often injure the shape.

But the majority of them have never been craftsmen at all; they are men who have been brought up by their fathers to work at the stool as soon as they were old enough to do anything; they have learned to mend, but never to make, and are cobblers, therefore, pure and simple. Some, too, are the unfortunate parish apprentices, the bonus of five pounds with whom was enough to tempt some "little" man to take them—a man who either could not or would not teach them much, or who, caring chiefly to get some profit out of their labor, set them at once to the commonest and easiest work, and kept them at it. Of course the lazy and irregular habits which seem to be indigenous to the tribe flourish especially in these poor fellows; some, however, of the more provident among them—save the mark!—take the precaution of enrolling themselves in the militia. It is hardly too much to say that a larger percentage of working shoe-makers of all descriptions are found in the ranks of the militia than is furnished by any other trade. Not all cobblers, however, are irregular and lazy; some men will work all their lives for one shop, and their sons will follow them. I have even known three generations working at the same time for one firm.

Cobbling can not be an absolutely unhealthy calling, because we see so many old cobblers, and these very often are merry enough old fellows; yet if a man has a tendency to consumption, the cramped position on the seat soon confirms it. Few persons give a thought to the uncomfortable, almost painful, nature of a shoe-maker's work; but let any moderately tall man, unused to it, sit for a few hours on the low stool, and he will have more sympathy with its occupant in future, and will cease to wonder at the everlasting short pipe.

Shoe-makers are generally reckoned a quick and shrewd although a rather narrow-minded race, and I think this estimate a tolerably correct one. An instance of sharpness occurs to me which does not redound very much to the credit of the craft—it is to be observed that they usually speak of themselves as the craft, or as craftsmen. It is briefly this: A house in Whitechapel did a large trade in exporting ready-made boots and shoes, chiefly to the West Indies, and of course employed a great number of hands. A man would receive the material for half a dozen pairs, and would bring them back made up, one heel tucked into the front of the other boot—they were all bluchers—and squeezed tightly down, as some of my readers must have seen them. The men noticed that when the foreman took them in he merely counted the pairs, and then, just glancing at the lower boot to see that the work looked all right, threw them into a corner of the warehouse, from whence they were taken and packed into hogsheads or chests, and sent off. Probably some one among the workers sharper than his fellows first caught the idea, and communicated it to the rest. But, be that as it may, it is very certain that the whole of one consignment of boots, when arrived at Jamaica, were found to be deficient in each pair of one heel and half of one sole. The rascals knew that of the boot which was tucked into its fellow only a portion of the sole could be seen; the remainder they never worked on at all, and so the consignment was worthless.

It would be too much to expect of men very imperfectly educated, as cobblers are, and with so little to elevate them in the circumstances by which they are surrounded (that they themselves are to a great extent responsible for these circumstances has nothing to do with the question, which is simply one of fact)—it would be folly to expect a very high standard of practical or conversational morality. Forty years ago the working cobblers, and shoe-makers too, of London might have been described as amongst the lowest of its denizens. Their language was foul to a degree, and their habits were almost in keeping; but a change has taken and is taking place. As regards their professional progress, the influx of French and German shoe-makers has put the regular craftsman very much on his mettle, and they, as with other English artisans, find that to keep the cream of the work to themselves more brain and ingenuity must be called into play, and this, with other influences, has extended downward. Then education has become so cheap and so common that even the cobbler can not bear that his children shall have none at all—apart from all compulsion—when every child around is learning something; and so each addition to the ranks brings a worker far better educated, poorly though that may be, than would have been deemed in keeping with his calling forty years ago. At the West End of London this change is very visible, and even in the slums of Whitechapel an alteration for the better has set in; and now that decent lodgings and more wholesome workshops are becoming the rule, the progress will be very rapid.

## HIRING ROOMS IN PARIS.

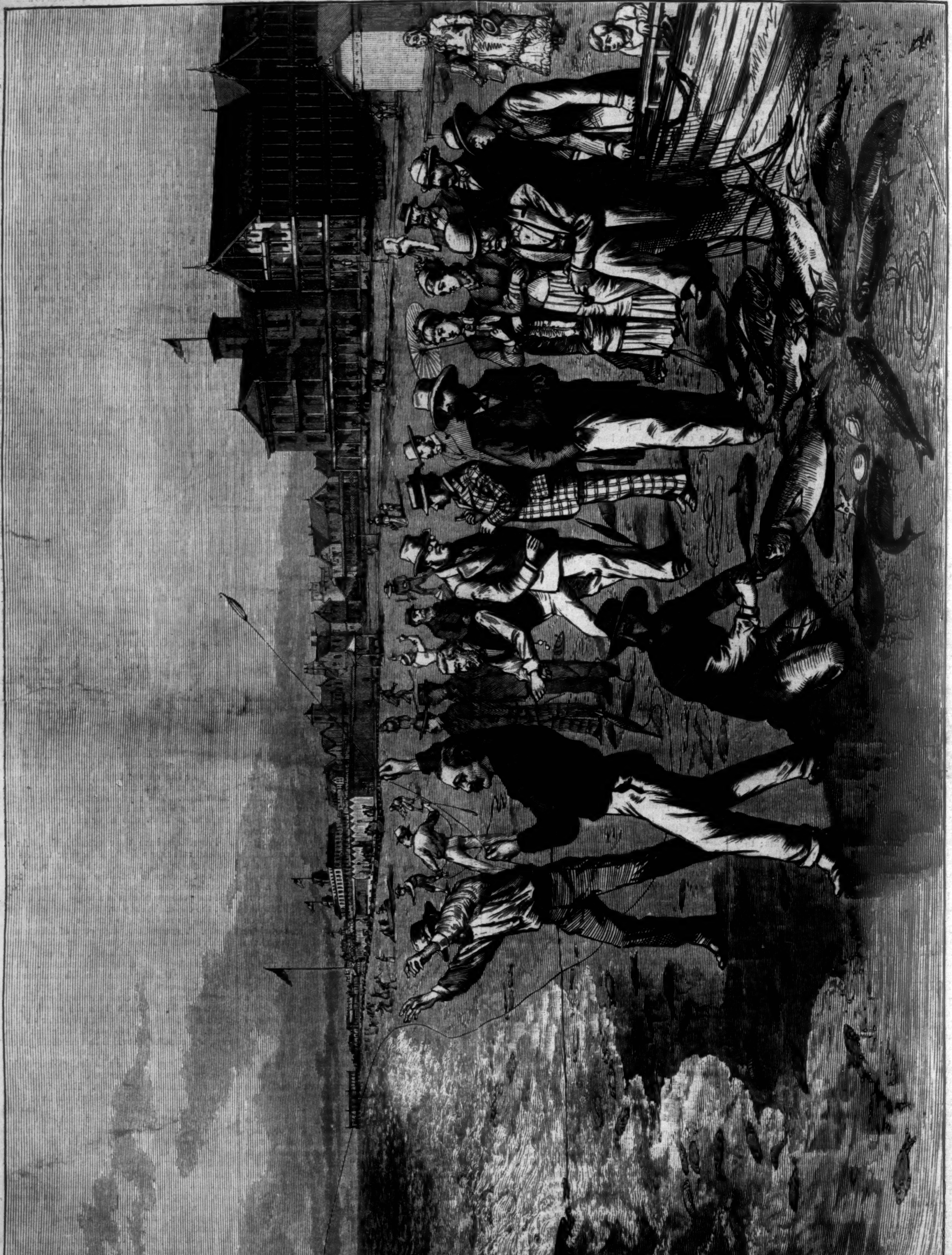
In the provinces of France you hire a set of rooms or a house by the year. The Parisians, less constant, hire by the quarter. The reader will remember that detached houses, and houses entirely occupied by one tenant or by one family, are the exception in Paris. The houses are almost invariably strongly built compact stone blocks, five, six, or seven stories high; and each floor will generally contain two, three, four, or more separate dwellings or apartments, each with its miniature salle à manger, salon, bedroom, kitchen, and offices, varying of course according to the rent paid, and the quarter of the town in which it is situated. Some of the apartments give on the court-yard, and are not so gay and not so expensive as those which give on the street; some of which, and almost certainly the one on the fifth floor, will have a fine balcony. The fact of an apartment being tolerably high up is not considered a drawback in Paris. Jules Simon still lives on the fifth floor on the Place de la Madeleine, and Louis Blanc long lived au cinquième in the Rue Royale, before he migrated to the same elevation in the Rue de Rivoli. You get more air high up, and you have the advantage of a fine terrace-balcony, large enough in many cases to hold the dinner table. In a district of Paris like the Quartier Saint-Georges, which is situated on the slopes leading up to Montmartre, anywhere between the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette and the Rue de Moscou, you will get an apartment on the fifth floor with a balcony for an annual rent of from seven hundred to one thousand francs. It will consist of a tiny kitchen, a salon, a dining-room with a stove in it, one or two bedrooms, a closet or two, and offices. The rooms will be small, and the ceilings rather low. The first floor of such a house, containing, say, dining and drawing rooms, antechambers, and four or five sleeping-rooms, with two or three servants' rooms up in the attics, would fetch as much as two, three, and even four thousand francs a year. The fittings of the rooms will not be handsome. In France the dining-rooms of the grand hotels have a specialty of profuse ornamentation, and the foreigner thinks that the French are equally luxurious in their houses. This is not so. The ordinary apartment is fitted in a comparatively mean way. The paltriness of the door handles and latches, to say nothing of their inconvenience, will strike the English or American visitor. The French locksmiths are more than half a century behind the times. The fire-places are constructed with a view to allowing the heat to escape up the chimney as much as possible. The folding-doors, the casement windows, and the polished parquet floorings would give a handsome appearance to the rooms if they were only more lofty; but then again the proprietor, if it be he who does the repairs, will spoil the whole effect by a cheap and paltry wall-paper.

The way you take an apartment or dwelling in Paris is this: You choose the quarter of the town that you would wish to inhabit, and you begin to hunt. Most people hunt for themselves, though there exist agencies for that purpose. As you pass along the street you will see little placards sticking out at right angles to the wall, by the side of the porte cochère or entrance of the houses where there is anything to let. The placard, or écriteau, will say, "Petit" or "Grand appartement à louer présentement, s'adresser." I do not ever remember to have seen a placard which told you where you were required to address yourself. As a matter of fact, you address yourself to the porter or concierge, or the porter's wife. Very often the placard will add that the apartment is orné de glaces, but as a rule that is a matter of course, it being the rule for the looking-glasses in the various rooms to be fixtures belonging to the proprietor. A bachelor's apartment, which may mean anything from a couple of rooms to a large suite, is advertised as an appartement de garçon: the meaning of such a placard is that ladies need not apply. Small apartments are often described as logements, particularly in the populous quarters.

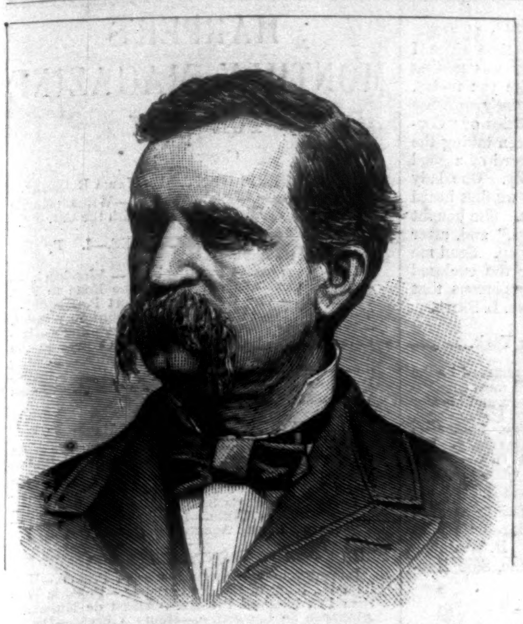
The tenants of any single house in Paris will comprise a most varied assortment of types and characters. The first persons whose acquaintance you make are the concierge and his wife. The concierge is a despot who has all the tenants under his thumb. He is the guardian of the house, the Cerberus whose good graces have to be bought by bribes and tips. He dwells in a den called a loge, just inside the entry. His duties are to pull the cordon, or to touch the pneumatic button, by which the street door is opened; for, let it be added, for the benefit of those who do not know, each tenant, though he has a key to his own dwelling, has no key to the common entrance of the house. The large street doors are closed about nine or ten o'clock. After that time you have to ring the bell, and the concierge, without disturbing himself, pulls a cord or touches a pneumatic spring, by which the door is opened. In most houses the gas on the staircase and in the entranceway is put out at eleven o'clock, and tenants who enter after that hour are required to call out their names as they pass the concierge's loge, and they have to find their way up stairs in the dark as best they can. In point of fact, you get used to it, and you put your hand upon the door-latch and your key in the key-hole with mathematical precision. Of course Cerberus knows and sees everything that you do. Besides opening the street door and watching the house, it is the duty of the concierge to keep the stairway clean, to receive letters and messages, and to deliver the letters in the various apartments at least once a day. The concierge and his wife generally expect to do the apartments of the bachelors who live in the house, for which they receive fifteen or twenty francs a month. The other tenants, of course, have their own servants. On taking an apartment it is the custom to give the concierge ten, fifteen, twenty, or more francs, according to the rent, as a pledge of the arrangement. This money is called a denier à Dieu. On New-Year's Day the concierge expects twenty or more francs. The sum given to him depends on the number of letters or callers you receive, and on your habits generally. If you are in the habit of coming home very early in the morning, you must make up for it by paying the concierge more. If you give a ball or a dinner party, you have to tip the concierge. In short, the reader will understand that the concierge is a nuisance which can be modified and appeased, but not abolished. As for the locataires, or tenants, you may have the proprietor himself on the first floor, a countess and a cocotte on the second, a dress-maker and a financier on the third, a bourgeois family or two on the fourth, a literary man on the fifth, and an artist or a photographer on the sixth floor. You may, however, live for twenty years in a house and never see your opposite neighbor, or know who he or she is, or what he or she does.

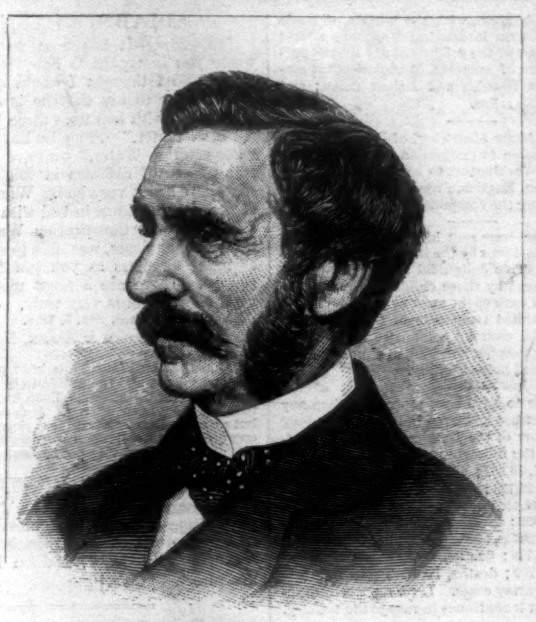
Proprietors have their eccentricities. As a general rule they will not allow their tenants to keep dogs in their rooms, nor will they allow the dogs of visitors to cross the door-sill. Certain proprietors, to the great disgust of old maids, forbid the presence of cats in a house. But this is not the end of the chapter. Some barbarous proprietors go so far as to exclude children under seven. There are, too, proprietors of delicate and sickly houses who proscribe dancing. Tea parties and quiet music are tolerated, but grand pianos and chamber organs are looked at askance. There is one thing the very name of which awakens terror in the heart of all proprietors; happy would they be if they could erase the word from the dictionaries, and banish it from the world. That word is "repairs." It is the proprietor's nightmare. He would, it is to be believed, admit dogs, cats, and children, provided that he could get rid of repairs.

The concierge is more practically disagreeable than the propriétaire, because one's dealings with him are constant and daily. Except in some modern houses, where light and air have been more freely admitted, the loge in which the concierge lives and sleeps is a mere black-hole. The loge itself contains necessarily a bell and a cordon, or its equivalent, to attend to which is the nightly duty of Cerberus. During the day the concierge very often works at a trade, tailoring and shoe-making being the favorite occupations of the class. They are paid by the landlord a fixed sum, varying from four hundred to one thousand francs a year, and they, of course, have their lodgings free. As New-Year's Day approaches, the concierge bows, scrapes, and cringes; during the rest of the year he looks surly, smells of garlic, and is ever casting a restless and inquisitive eye on the outgoings and incomings of the locataires, whose every movement he commands from his loge. His wife is a gossip, loud voiced, often a scold, stout, and in her old age shapeless. In other respects she is the feminine equivalent of her husband, over whom she has the upper hand. The child of this happy pair, if child there be, is generally a daughter, who grows up very pretty, and almost invariably studies under Talbot or at the Conservatoire, and makes her début on the stage, where she succeeds either in captivating the public by her talent, or some particular member or members of the public by her person.



SQUIDDING FOR BLUE-FISH AT ASBURY PARK.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 427.]


GENERAL JAMES B. WEAVER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.


THE HON. GEORGE OPDYKE.

GENERAL LOUIS WAGNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STOKES.

## THE GREENBACK CANDIDATE.

THE National Greenback-Labor Convention, meeting in Chicago, Illinois, finished its work on the 11th inst. with the nomination of General JAMES B. WEAVER, of Iowa, for President of the United States. The candidate is a native of Dayton, Ohio, and is forty-seven years old. After graduating from the Cincinnati Law School in 1856, he went to Bloomfield, Iowa, where he opened an office and began business. When the rebellion broke out he enlisted, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company G, Second Iowa Infantry. He was subsequently commissioned Major of the regiment, and after the death of the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, who were both killed at the battle of Corinth, he was promoted to the Colonelcy. On March 13, 1864, he was brevetted Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant conduct on the field of battle. He was elected District Attorney of the Second Judicial District of Iowa in 1866, and was the following year appointed United States Assessor of Internal Revenue for the First District of Iowa, which office he held over six years, or until it was abolished by law. In 1877 Mr. WEAVER announced himself a National in politics, and supported D. P. STUBBS, candidate for Governor of Iowa on the National ticket. The General was elected to Congress from the Sixth Iowa District in May, 1878, and was a zealous advocate of the Greenback cause. He is the author of the bill known as the "Soldier Bill," providing for the payment to soldiers of the difference between greenback and gold values.

## THE HON. GEORGE OPDYKE.

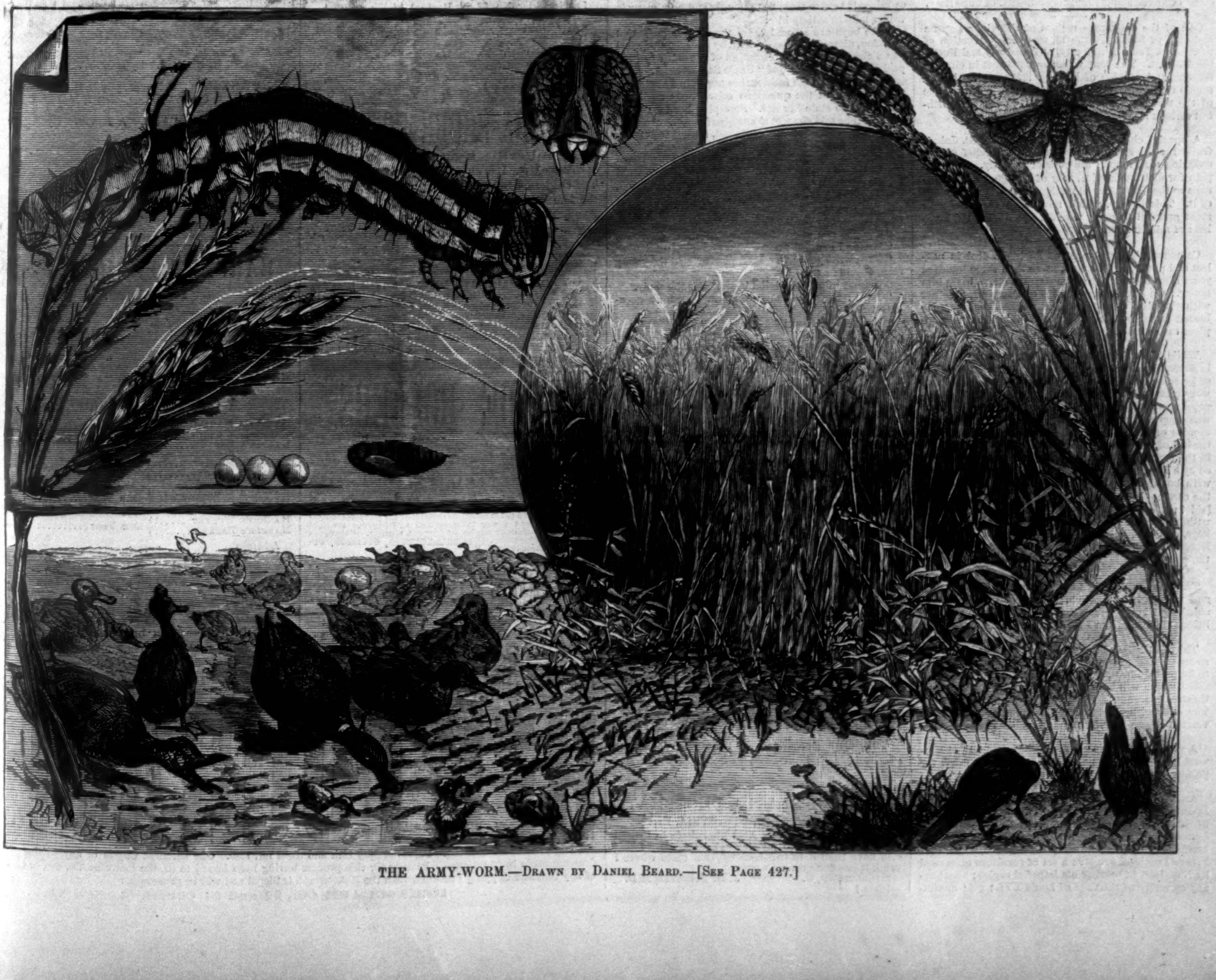
THIS gentleman, whom all New York honored, died on Saturday, June 12, at the age of seventy-five. He was a merchant of high character and strict integrity, a devoted patriot, and his connection with politics was always in the highest degree creditable to himself and serviceable to his fellow-citizens. Originally a Free-soil Democrat, Mr. OPDYKE naturally became a Republican on the formation of that party. In 1861 he was elected Mayor of this city, and took an active part in the movements for the preservation of the Union. The first public resolutions offered by a New-Yorker after the beginning of the late war were proposed by him at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, on the 19th of April, 1861, the day before the great "Sumter Meeting," and his active co-operation was seen in many movements for promoting the public service during the whole contest. His services during the draft riots were especially valuable, and earned him the gratitude of all loyal people.

## GENERAL WAGNER.

THE Grand Army of the Republic could not have chosen a better man or a braver soldier for Commander-in-Chief than General LOUIS WAGNER, who has just been called to that high office. He is a German by birth, having been born at Giessen, August 4, 1838. His father took an active part in the revolution of 1848, and was compelled to fly to this country a year later, settling in Philadelphia. Young WAGNER received a common-school education, after which he learned the lithographic printing business, which he carried on in Walnut Street, above Fifth. In 1861 he entered the army as First Lieutenant of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was promoted at various times until he became Colonel of that regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General. He participated in all the engagements of the Army of the Potomac until the second battle of Bull Run, when he was wounded and taken prisoner.

After his release, although still on crutches, he rejoined his regiment, and took an active part in the battle of Chancellorsville. His wound having broken open afresh, he was sent home, and there he organized the colored troops at Camp William Penn. Of this point he was in command close upon two years, and during that time he sent to the front nearly fourteen thousand men. In 1865 he rejoined his regiment, and commanded a brigade in the Fifth Corps. On the 8th of July he was finally mustered out, after a service of four years.

General WAGNER has taken an active interest in political matters, and in 1866 he was elected to represent the Twenty-second Ward in the Common Council of Philadelphia, serving by re-election for six years, during three years of which he was President of that body. In May, 1873, he was appointed a member of the Board of Education, which place he held until re-elected to the Councils in 1876. For three years he served as Chairman of the Committee on Finance of the Common Council—the most important committee of the body—and was mainly instrumental in the reduction of the city's expenses which has taken place within the few years past. In 1874 he was appointed by the Court of Common Pleas a member of the Board of City Trusts, which place he


THE ARMY-WORM.—DRAWN BY DANIEL BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

still holds. In November, 1878, after an active canvass, he was elected Recorder of Deeds of the city of Philadelphia, for three years.

He organized the Grand Army of the Republic in Pennsylvania in 1867, and was its first Department Commander. He was second in command of the national organization for two years, under General BURNSIDE, and while that person was in Europe commanded in his stead. He has been active in Masonic matters for many years, is a member of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., of Pennsylvania, of the Grand Chapter, R. A. M., and of Philadelphia Commandery of Knights Templar. He has also held high offices in the State and national temperance organizations.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT midnight of June 11, while hundreds of human beings were struggling for life in the waters of Long Island Sound, the thick darkness pierced only by the flames from the ill-fated *Narragansett*, another conflagration—fortunately not disastrous to life, but very remarkable and terrible—was taking place at Titusville, in Pennsylvania. On the morning of that day, during a sharp thunder-shower, the lightning plunged into an oil tank of 20,000 barrels. A terrific explosion followed, a huge column of fire rose, and rivers of flaming fluid ran in every direction. Presently two other tanks, each containing 30,000 barrels, caught fire. These tanks were situated on the side of a hill, which is separated from the city of Titusville by a small stream—Oil Creek. The seething oil poured down the hill-side like lava from a volcano. Oil Creek became one mass of flames for hundreds of yards; and the southern part of Titusville, where were numerous oil refineries, burst into a blaze. The stream was no barrier to the fiery torrent. The whole town fought desperately against the raging element, while explosion followed explosion, and the destruction of the Holly Water-Works added to the general alarm. Help was summoned from neighboring towns; but all through the day the conflagration spread, and the succeeding midnight hours glared with the terrific and unconquered flames. Not until twenty-four hours had passed was the fire brought in some measure under control. It is not easy to conceive a more frightfully magnificent scene than that resulting from the burning of 250,000 barrels of oil, to say nothing of numerous buildings and bridges. It is almost miraculous that no lives were lost in the wild conflagration started by that fateful stroke of lightning.

When the American rifle team arrived at Queenstown, on the *City of Brussels*, a warm welcome was extended to the members by Major Leech and the Irish reception committee. A steam-yacht took them from the steamer, and after a brief resting-time on shore, they made a trip around the harbor.

Icebergs in great numbers have been encountered during the past three months by steamers plying between this country and Europe. These mountains of the sea greatly increase the dangers of crossing the Atlantic, for the officer of one steamer remarked that "the ocean seemed alive with them." One steam-ship, the *Victoria*, recently passed safely through a channel formed by icebergs towering high on either side. This event occurred about 180 miles southeast of Cape Race.

One of the disastrous results of the violent storm and gale of Sunday, June 13, was the destruction of the Gospel Tent, in this city, at Broadway and Forty-third Street. The tent was about 285 feet in circumference, and capable of holding 1300 people. Fortunately there were only four persons in it at the time of the tornado, and they succeeded in escaping without serious injury.

A special charity is to be organized by St. John's Guild for the summer months, for the relief of the suffering sick among the poor of this city. This is a plan for distributing ice, free of charge, to such persons as the dispensary physicians believe to be in need of it. This luxury, which now is so costly, will be most grateful to many parched lips during the fierce heat of midsummer.

Camoens, the great poet of Portugal, died in neglect and poverty. But now, more than three hundred years after his death, his countrymen strive to do him honor. On June 8 the remains of Camoens, together with those of Vasco da Gama, whose deeds he celebrated in verse, were removed to their final resting-place in the monastery of Belem.

While the body of the Empress of Russia was lying in state, an enormous crowd, composed of all classes of persons, thronged the Petropaulovski Fortress, and were admitted in turn to view the remains. The Empress was a favorite with the people, and their sorrow was deep and sincere for her death. The final ceremonies of the imperial funeral took place in the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, which is situated within the fortress walls. The vault, which was constructed by a French architect named Pommier, was covered with boards, over which a carpet was spread during the ceremonies. The casket containing the body was laid in a copper coffin, which, after the mourners withdrew from the cathedral, was locked with two keys, one being given to the Minister of the Imperial Household, and the other to the head of the clergy of the cathedral.

Travellers will begin to seriously consider the dangers of fogs in navigation. Four great steamers disabled—one being wrecked—within three days by collisions resulting from fogs is a dismal record.

The old Madison Square Garden building, which has so many times of late been called a "death-trap," is to be pulled down, and a fine structure erected in its place, which will be a sort of combined opera-house, theatre, museum, summer garden, and colosseum. The enterprise will be under the management of the veteran showman P. T. Barnum.

A young native Japanese, a recent graduate of Harvard Law School, is translating a Japanese novel for publication in this country. It is to be illustrated.

America has acquired, by the recent sale of the San Donato Collection, some interesting and valuable works of art. Among these are the reduced repetition in bronze, by Barbedienne, of Paris, of the famous Ghiberti doors of the Baptistery of Florence, which cost Prince Demidoff $20,000; a set of furniture once used by Napoleon I., bearing his imperial eagles; a mahogany secretary of the time of Louis XVI.; gold-mounted knife, fork, and spoon, with the initials of Marie Antoinette; numerous interesting Napoleon relics; some fine specimens of the celebrated old Vienna porcelain; a rich store of magnificent ecclesiastical embroideries, etc., of Spanish and Italian make; and many other valuable relics.

A German—Professor Siemering, of Berlin—has received the commission to execute an equestrian monument to George Washington, to be erected in Philadelphia. American, English, French, and Italian artists were also among the competitors.

Over 1250 children were sent into the country for a week or ten days last year by the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. This delightful and health-giving vacation was enjoyed by those children who, but for this charity, would have spent most of the time in the close alleys and stiffled tenements of the city. The Union has a special country committee for the purpose of thus caring for poor children, and money could scarcely be expended more usefully.

Diphtheria seems to have been more fatal than any other epidemic that has appeared in Russia for a long time. In the report of the Russian Medical Department for 1877 are the following statistics: Small-pox—persons attacked, 10,287; deaths, 2332. Scarlatina—persons attacked, 25,733; deaths, 6430. Diphtheria—persons attacked, 46,136; deaths, 18,698. Measles—persons attacked, 45,925; deaths, 5912. Typhus—persons attacked, 50,445; deaths, 5666. Whooping-cough—persons attacked, 11,775; deaths, 606. Dysentery—persons attacked, 13,209; deaths, 1266. These numbers are irrespective of army cases. Later reports of diphtheria indicate that it continues to ravage the country.

Once upon a time somebody asked Lord Beaconsfield how it happened that the Queen showed him so much favor. His answer was very simple: "Well—er—the fact is, I—er—never contradict, and—er—I sometimes—er—forget."

Many American farmers have an idea that they must eat meat three times a day. This is a great mistake, especially in summer, when it would be far more for their health to eat fruit and vegetables, and less meat. An English laborer, who works as hard as the American, seldom has meat more than once a day, and often finds himself without it for days together.

Professor Proctor delivered 136 lectures in the United States between October and the middle of May. These were all well attended, many of them crowded. Scientific subjects certainly awaken keen interest among the people of this country.

A bust of the poet Moore has been added to the rapidly increasing collection of memorials in the Central Park.

"Curiosities of the Census" might be an appropriate title for a book which would afford amusement to readers. The following incidents are samples of what such a book would contain:

An Irishwoman who was asked how many children she had, replied, "Well, now, I don't just remember, but if you'll give me time, I'll try and think of them all." She finally remembered the names of twelve, and as the enumerator called out "next" after the twelfth name had been recorded, the woman wanted to know if twelve were not enough, and how many it would take to satisfy him.

"The boys are all males, are they?" was an actual question, dictated, it was evident, by conscientiousness and a clearly evident appreciation of the dignity of the position of enumerator of "Uncle Sam's" children.

A widow in a large fashionable house in Fourteenth Street answered the questions courteously until she was asked to state her age. Stamping her foot upon the floor, she said she would not give her age. "Everybody in this house," she continued, "has been trying to find out how old I am, and they sha'n't do it." The enumerator expostulated, but without avail. When the threat was made that an officer would be brought in, she relented, and putting her face behind her hand, whispered that she was just forty.

A large red-faced Irishwoman was found in a tenement-house surrounded by a brood of children.

"Can you read and write?" inquired the enumerator.

"Indade I can," she replied.

"Then write your name here, please," said the young man, offering a pencil.

"Oh, but I don't feel loike it, sir," was the reply.

"Then will you tell me what your husband's occupation is?"

"He's an ascinder and a descinder."

"A what?"

"Och, thin, he's a hod-carrier," with a great deal of disgust.

IN the cutting and setting of precious stones, the Egyptian, Greek, and Asiatic forms, as well as Gothic, are reproduced with great fidelity; and there are other designs of striking beauty. Specimens of these beautiful designs and jewels are now displayed to great advantage in the attractive warerooms of Mr. THEODORE B. STARR. The display of diamonds, bronzes, silver and gold ware, and of the finest jewelry is exceedingly unique, and expresses withal the same refined taste for which this establishment has acquired a reputation. Among the many exquisite pendants is one of the most elaborate workmanship, in the shape of a cross, which may be called a four-pointed star or type of the Gothic square rose. A large diamond-studded ring is crossed by four curved bars of engraved gold, set with diamonds at the corners; a large diamond is set in the centre and other diamonds are placed at different points. The ring holding the pendant is also closely set with small diamonds.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*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IN CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.

I HAVE used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in several cases of dyspepsia to my general satisfaction; and also have tried it in two consumption cases where I think it has done them a service.

MIDDLETOWN, O. J. H. FORESTER, M.D.

—[*Com.*]

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*Dear Sirs*,—It has been some time since I wrote you in regard to how father was getting along. So I thought I would write you to-day. I am happy to say that he is *entirely well*, has been cured with less than three bottles of "Constitution Water." Since he has been taking the "Constitution Water," we have heard of a good many cases of diabetes in this city. One lady especially has it very bad. When we first heard of her she was down in bed with it. She bought one bottle of "Constitution Water," and, after taking a few doses, was able to sit up. Send me as many circulars as you can for the enclosed stamps. There are a great many persons that want them. Yours very truly, JNO. L. SMITH.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, *Nov.* 7, 1878.

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THE genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints are the purest, finest, richest, and most durable paints ever made for structural purposes. H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co., 87 Maiden Lane, Sole Manufacturers.—[*Com.*]

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| NEVADA, | Tuesday, June 8, | 5:30 A.M. |
| WISCONSIN, | Tuesday, June 22, | 5 P.M. |
| ARIZONA, | Tuesday, June 29, | 11 A.M. |
| WYOMING, | Tuesday, July 6, | 4:30 P.M. |

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At Atlanticville, near Long Branch, will open June 21st. It is for Working Girls and Teachers. The charge for two weeks is Nine Dollars, including the fare both ways; or, for one week, Five Dollars. Application to be made at the

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

CONTAINS:

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT. By MARIA R. OAKEY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Violet Girl.—William Morris Hunt.—The Prodigal Son.—Girl with the Cat.

BY-PATHS IN THE MOUNTAINS.—I. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Frontispiece.—Woodcock.—Judge Hixley.—An old Inn on the Road to Fort Pendleton.—The Regiment at Fort Pendleton.—The old Mill and the Miller.—A Mountain Weaver.—Jerry Browning, our Guide.—Kitzmiller's.—Entering the Wilderness.—Fungous Growth in the Wilderness.—Camp on the Blackwater.—Coming down the Mountain.—Falls of the Blackwater.—Dobbin's Fire-Place.—Dobbin's House.—Omish Woman and Child.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL. By A. A. HAYES, Jr.
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